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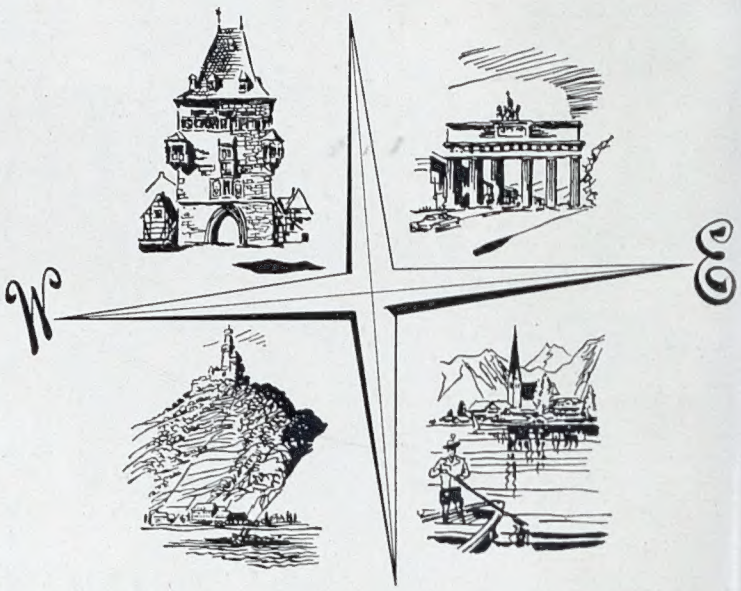

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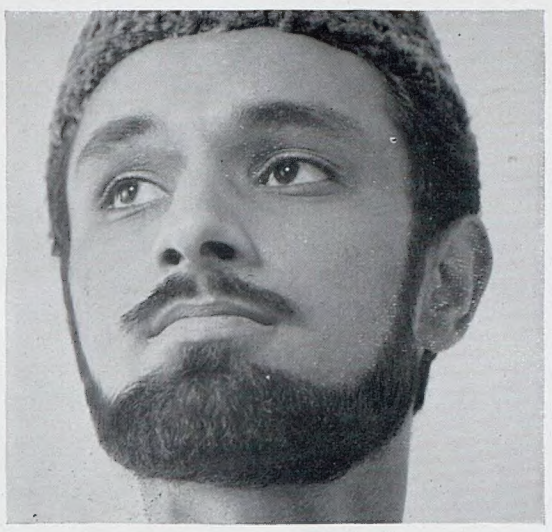
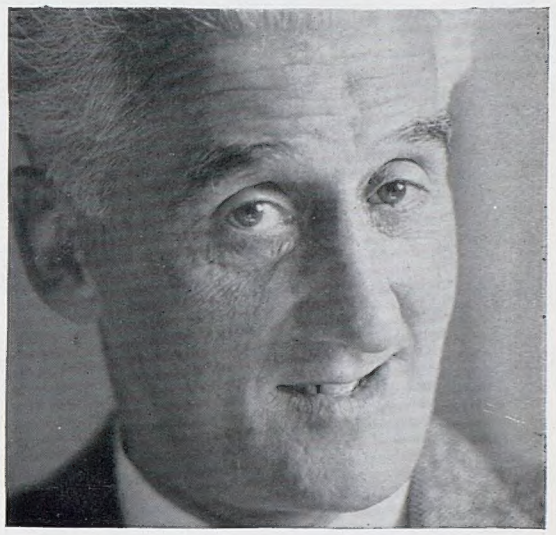


Pakistanis perfectly

Sisters superbly

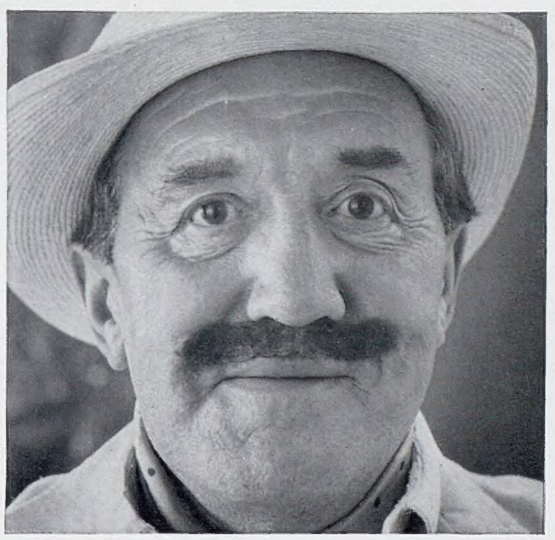
Eskimos warmly

Housewives happily



Aberdonians thriftily

Sweethearts charmingly



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FROM SCOTLAND'S LARGEST DISTILLERY TO CONNOISSEURS THE WORLD OVER

Volume CCXL No. 3111

The SPHERE, London, January 16, 1960

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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PRESIDENT EISENHOWER IN THE U.S. CONGRESS—HIS LAST STATE OF THE UNION MESSAGE: In the traditional speech to the Joint Session of Congress, President Eisenhower uses both hands to gesticulate. Behind him are Mr. Nixon, the Vice-President, and Mr. S. Rayburn, the Speaker. Mr. Eisenhower reviewed the state of the U.S. and the world at the start of the last session of his administration before the Presidential Elections in November, for which Mr. Nixon is the leading Republican Candidate.

President Eisenhower, in his traditional message to Congress on the State of the American Union, found little wrong with internal affairs and sounded more reassuring about the state of the world than in any similar utterances since he entered the White House seven years ago. Mr. Eisenhower, with the Presidential elections in November occupying an increasing amount of American political speculation, promised record prosperity for 1960, but gave little specific information about foreign affairs. Following the trend of his recent speeches after his tour of parts of Asia, he spoke of the need for industrialised nations to give joint help to less advanced countries. He reiterated his desire to intensify the search for peace. A few days afterwards, Vice-President Nixon announced his willingness to stand as Republican Presidential Candidate. At the time, the race appeared to be between him and the Democratic Senators, Kennedy and Humphrey, with Mr. Adlai Stevenson as a possible.

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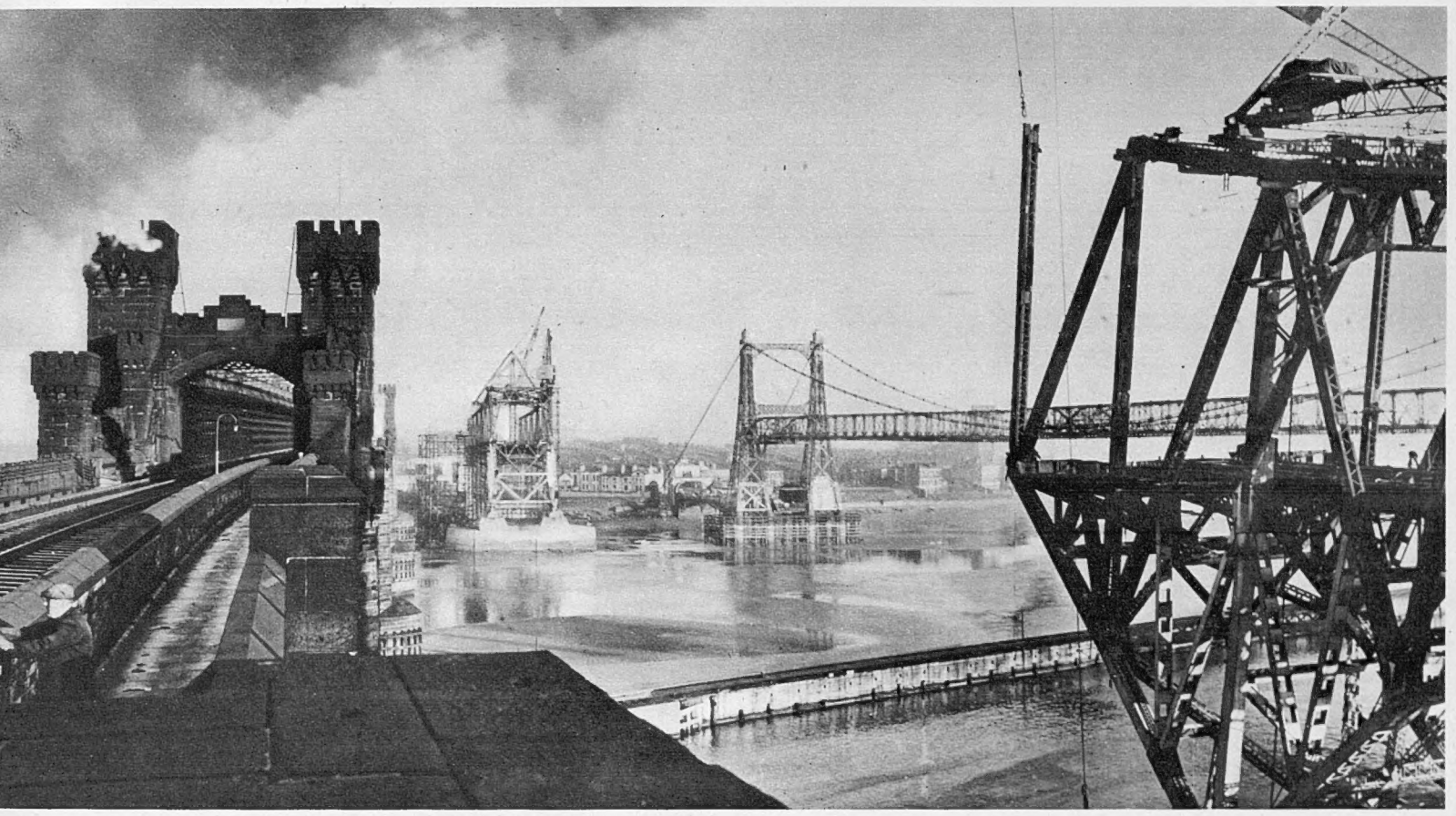


A TRIO OF BRIDGES BETWEEN CHESHIRE AND LANCASHIRE: The ends of the new road bridge begin to take shape to span the waters of the Manchester Ship Canal and the River Mersey between Runcorn and Widnes (on far bank). The two existing bridges are the railway bridge on the left and the transporter bridge, under the girder of which vehicles are conveyed on a suspended platform.

A London Newslette

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W

Airborne Again—Mr. Macmillan is already well advanced with his programme for his second big Commonwealth tour. With Lady Dorothy and a considerable suite of attendants he flew off on January 5 with the hopes of all optimists and the belief of his most fervid admirers that he would achieve at least some minor miracles. Some of his admirers have ranked his last year's visit to Moscow already as among the turning-points of history, and his tour of Asian Commonwealth countries as very fruitful. His parting words at London Airport were modest enough, as one would expect from so experienced a statesman starting on a tour of so complex a problem-continent as Africa to-day. He stressed that his visit was, firstly, a fact-finding tour to enable him to speak with greater authority on problems which had certainly to be faced within the next two or three years, and he stressed his conviction that personal exchanges of views are far more useful than exchanges of letters through appropriate official channels. No doubt at all, these personal exchanges often warm up a cool climate and bear fruit, but often enough a killing frost may follow and wither the fruit. In the past decades we have too many instances of a sombre *status quo* returning before the bunting is taken down, the red carpets rolled up and the echo of the cheering has died away. But I like to think that still the personal contact, the flesh-and-blood handshake, "a while together by the fire," can do more to untie some hard knots and remove bitter suspicions than all the vaunted triumphs of science in producing instantaneous communication across the world. Still, as of old, the live theatre impresses us as the cinema and the TV can never do. I think the Premier was well-advised to leave these shores when winter began at last to grip us, and I make no doubt that his visit will raise the thermometer in the warmer lands of his tour. A brief heat-wave is better than none at all, and a small bunch of grapes is a harvest of knowledge when gathered from dark and stony vineyards. A Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London in the spring is an obvious sequel to the Premier's tour.

Steel Strike—"They order these things bigger in America." The steel strike has ended at last. It continued for 116 days, which is longer than average "human memory." Its consequences would have been even worse but for the application of the Taft-Hartley injunction, due to expire on January 26. Mr. Nixon's hint that if the strike was resumed, further legislation on T.H. lines might follow, decided the employers to compromise; after vowing they would ne'er consent, they consented to terms which they had all along argued were utterly uneconomic. The union, therefore, chalks up a great victory, pyrrhic or otherwise. The strike has cost workers over £400,000,000 in wages; over £1,000,000,000 were lost in sales; the Government has lost £270,000,000 in taxes. (Some statisticians pitch it rather lower.) Worse still, the long strike has let in foreign producers who have established a strong foothold in the home market; and since the settlement may, in the end, add over £5 a ton to the cost of production of American steel, the gate-crashers from Britain, Germany, Japan, and so on, are not likely to be quickly liquidated—since some increase in prices seems inevitable *pro tem.* The union has won all down the line; the employers' efforts to regain control over working conditions and practices have failed. The "average wage" has apparently been stepped up to just under 25s. an hour. £50 for a working week seems a lot for an "average wage" in a competitive industry, especially if it is accompanied by no agreements on the workers' side to abandon any privileges or customs tending to diminish output. It will take time to show whether the union's claim that the victory makes its members "safe, sound and secure," is well based. Keen competition by foreign producers may soon begin to achieve what the employers have failed to achieve—increased productivity without inflationary wage increases. After all, the managing and the labouring monkeys all sit on the same branch, and if the bough bends, the whole industry slides down.

Ten Years Hence—I confess to a lack of enthusiasm when I read the programme of scientific advancement over the next ten years. I gather that before 1970 it may be taken for granted that, even if colonisation of the moon is not yet open to all pioneers, there will be "teams of scientists" living on small "space islands" on the way to the moon, working out their calculations from their observatories. The very idea is a nightmare to me. Some time ago, I saw illustrations of metallic islands set in mid-Atlantic to be manned by observers, and I shuddered at the idea. For all I know, these islands exist and are manned to-day. Myself, I have never become used to the idea of men living in lightships 20 miles off our coast. These advances of science planned for the '60's suggest to me one very sound but little-considered reason for what is called the break-up of family life and the deplorable lack of understanding between parents and children which may be a cause of juvenile delinquency. There must be innumerable parents, hardly middle aged, to whom these horrible space possibilities are a nightmare, through no fault of their own but merely as a result of *anno domini*. They were born when such possibilities were undreamed of and they simply cannot digest them. It must follow that to their children, who clamour for space-age toys and swallow every *lunik* development with realistic enthusiasm, such parents are aliens, speaking a different and unintelligible language, having no point of contact with the rising generation. Hence the break-up of family influence. One other ominous prophecy for the 1960's struck another chill to my heart. Before 1970 there will be "two cars in every garage." If any prospect could convert a man as old and hidebound as I am (through no fault of my own) to welcoming moon colonisation, it is the thought of the activities on our roads of those "two cars from every garage." Is it, I wonder, mere foolish senility that casts one longing, lingering look behind to the English countryside, as described by Macaulay, of the seventeenth century, or to the landscapes of the eighteenth century drawn for *John Gi* Caldecott? I think there are excuses besides seni justify such longing looks behind.

New Year's Topics—Apart from advan space travel, murder and money were the principal in the Press as soon as we got down to brass tacks the holidays. Murderers accept no close-season a detection of elusive murderers is obviously and front-page news for the Press. But I thought the papers in general made an unnecessarily "money-grub start to 1960. 1960 is, of course, according to our to be the year of fulfilment. Having never had it so in 1959, we are encouraged to expect to have it better in 1960; and by almost general consent "having it means having plenty of money to spend and plenty to put away. A still small voice in the wilderness (pulpit) is occasionally raised to question this mater definition of the good life, but not much attention to it. Money talks so loudly that few can hear the "Money isn't everything." We are most of us earn more money for less work, to make more mon shrewd investment and to beat the Jones's in the for the plutocracy cup; and expert advice on a hun methods of doing it is supplied us with our mor newspaper. We must all bow down in the Hous Mammon-Rimmon, some perhaps hedging with a burden of earth, not quite confident enough in increasing prosperity to scout the lessons of recent his The House of Mammon, here and in the States, supported by pillars and columns, and quite unexpe Samsons have found their way in to crack them matter of minutes, and bring the House down in and despair and ridicule. After all, an awful lot are still living and booming on tick, and there may sound sense in lending half an ear to the still small that offers an insurance policy against slumps.

Neo-Nazi—One would like to think that the of anti-Jewish outrages in Germany and elsewhere a no more importance than are obscenities scrawled o walls of public lavatories in this country. But the in tions are much more serious, and not only the Ger authorities need to take them seriously. With still memories of the 1930's, the Western alliance na must do so, too. There are neo-Nazi groups, such a National German Youth Movement, which are alre imitating the "Hitler Youth" organisation in all propaganda, preparation and practices. Some of are led by former S.S. men; they wear uniform fam in all Nazi groups, attend lectures and secret drills are indoctrinated with the customary distortions of history. Germany was in 1939 the victim of aggress the death-camps were mere propaganda lies; the Jews common enemy; and the master-race must once

A GIFT TO THE NATION IN SUSSEX: Telscombe village lies in a hollow in the Downs slightly inland from the coast between Brighton and Newhaven. The Manor House here, with some of its contents and a considerable extent of agricultural land, has been given to the National Trust by its owner, Mr. Ernest Thornton-Smith. The rest of the property in the pre-Domesday village is already part of an existing trust, which holds it with the object of preserving the rural character of Telscombe.

re-establish itself. All this looks more serious than avatory nastiness by nasty boys. The West German Government is sufficiently concerned with it to suspect outside influence and organisation. The incidents certainly need careful watching and investigation. It took so very short a time for Hitler to emerge from a little-known name o a world-menace of Napoleonic stature and he rose on he shoulders of German boys, who were not content to crawl up slogans and slime on public walls.

"Vox Populi"—The New Year brought me an unusually large number of suggestions from SPHERE readers concerning matters that require further ventilation in the *Newsletter*, so that pressure of public opinion may induce the responsible authorities to act and amend, improve or abolish. (Of course, I shall do my best.) Some of them were local complaints, some national. Some were obviously majority complaints, some may very well be minority complaints. That Governments and other authorities are moved to action for the most part only when they are satisfied through the Press that an insistent public voice represents a majority, is probably true. I have the feeling that in recent months these authorities have been responding more quickly to such public pressure. Thus, the Government is already considering measures to provide compensation for the victims of crimes of violence, if it is not yet prepared to "put back the clock" by restoring the birch as a deterrent to young thugs. Then again, background noises on radio and television: if these cacophonous deterrents to listening cannot be classed as an item of the Government's investigation into unnecessary and deleterious noise (which is going forward), at least the B.B.C. has quickly responded to a public protest over these detestable background noises and has undertaken to examine the question. Another subject submitted may be more local in range—the shortage of flats for elderly people with lowest incomes. In some parts of England, certainly, the "social welfare" homes are either too expensive or reserved for men under seventy-five years of age. There have been several more demands for further ventilation of the inequitable methods of assessing rates and for the abolition of Schedule A. I hope he Chancellor is a regular SPHERE reader.

"M.P.s Baroneted"—The New Year Honours List once more reveals the meticulously-nice conduct of these awards demanded by protocol. If any more hereditary peerages are deemed necessary, that conferred on Sir Evelyn Baring is unexceptionable. But are they still necessary? As for promotions from Baron to Viscount, to-day they are surely mere museum-piece frills and soon enough will follow the disappearance of promotions to Marquis and Duke. Even Earls are a disappearing grade. As for Baronets, Mr. Macmillan's recommendations this half-year are above average. He seems determined to keep Gilbert topical. Four of his recommendations are of sometime M.P.s, and three at least have heirs to succeed to an unearned title. Logic and realism, if not majority opinion, must surely argue that all forms of hereditary titles, appropriate in their day, and for centuries up to our great revolutions, should now gradually be left to die out, picturesque and worthy survivals of another age. The age we live in, the "classless society" which Mr. Macmillan sometimes glories in, is made a nonsense of by the conferring of hereditary titles to be assumed in due course by men who have not earned them. As for recipients of honours in other fields, the arts, literature, sport, and so on, protocol supplies many a puzzle and laugh. Cricket, I suppose, is more important than acting. Godfrey Evans gets a C.B.E., Stanley Holloway an O.B.E. A few years ago, the nation's finest wicketkeeper would have probably been knighted. But cricket knighthoods have been overdone and are now thought excessive. Leading cricketers have been degraded to the status of poets and musicians. 2,250 worthies have received a New Year present. We don't know how many of them looked their gift-horses in the mouth nor whether some of the parcels got mixed up in the sorting office. Certainly one or two awards to Dominions "worthies" showed a broad-minded toleration of extreme "left" opinions. I fancy all concerned in preparing the distribution heave a sigh of relief when the lists cease to be front-page news on the morning after.

Peeps Into the Future—"*Jan. 1st, 1660.* This morning (we living lately in the garret) I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them. . . ." With those words Samuel Pepys began his diary 300 years ago, which filled half a dozen folio volumes before blindness brought his work to an end. That diary has become a part of our national literature, a rare classic and "every schoolboy" could write "three lines" about it. Probably not one in ten would think of Pepys if asked to name half a dozen of our greatest naval administrators. How different with the diarist himself. He had a very shrewd comprehension of his great services to the Navy, but I doubt if he ever imagined his shorthand cryptograms would be unravelled; I am sure he never peeped so clearly into the future as to see his diary among the world's classics three centuries onward. He would have liked to survive in history as one of England's great public servants and naval administrators. All great public servants would admit to that justifiable and worthy aspiration. He would surely have burned his diaries at Clapham if he had conceived of the possibility that he was destined to amuse posterity for centuries of time with the records of his mild and sometimes mean lecheries even more than he would be honoured for his social history and sidelights on two reigns; or that his lecheries would keep his name alive in posterity for the majority while his greatness as a public servant was recognised only by the few. But who, when he writes "Chapter I," conceives of immortality for his book, or when he enters the public service sees Westminster Abbey as his resting place? There are many memorials to his memory: in St. Olave's Church, where he was buried; at Cambridge, where his books are preserved; at the Admiralty and elsewhere. His diary is his monument *aere perennius*. He died, still a creditor for about £150,000 back pay (in terms of to-day's money) from the Governments he served so well.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACKETS CHAMPION: G. P. Milne (Eton) receives the H. K. Foster Memorial Cup from Mr. K. M. Foster, son of the donor, at the Queen's Club in London. In the final of the public schools rackets singles championship Milne had defeated J. W. T. Wilcox (Malvern) by three games to none, 15—6; 15—9; 15—6. In the semi-finals Milne had been victorious against M. G. M. Smith (Tonbridge) and Wilcox had put out the holder, J. L. Cuthbertson (Rugby). In the junior singles H. R. Angus (Winchester) won the Incledon-Webber Cup. In the handicap event the winner was N. D. Pilbrow, also of Winchester.

Flannelled Sages—How I envy those flannelled fools in the sunshine in the West Indies! In January fogs in England, there seems a little of the motley about their white flannels. After the Barbados defeat, we concluded that our team would enter on the first Test match all too short of practice and experience of local conditions, and we shook our heads especially over our fast-bowlers. We have never beaten West Indies at home in a Test series. To do so, we cannot follow England's historical habit in war of losing all battles but the last. We realised that the luck of the toss must play a great part in the chances of victory. That luck was with us in the first Test, and our batsmen made the most of it. But 210 runs scored for the loss of three-and-a-half wickets a day still suggest drawn matches, and, looking ahead, it seems that honourable draws are the happiest issue we can hope for. Of course, even in the West Indies the weather can be freakish, and with a little bit of luck either side may bring about their rival's batting collapse. But I doubt even now whether six days will be enough to secure three decisive matches. But win, lose, draw or wrangle, I envy our flannelled fools and wish I were in their cricket-boots, clad in their motley. I bet that Barrington, Dexter and Pullar never felt it so good.

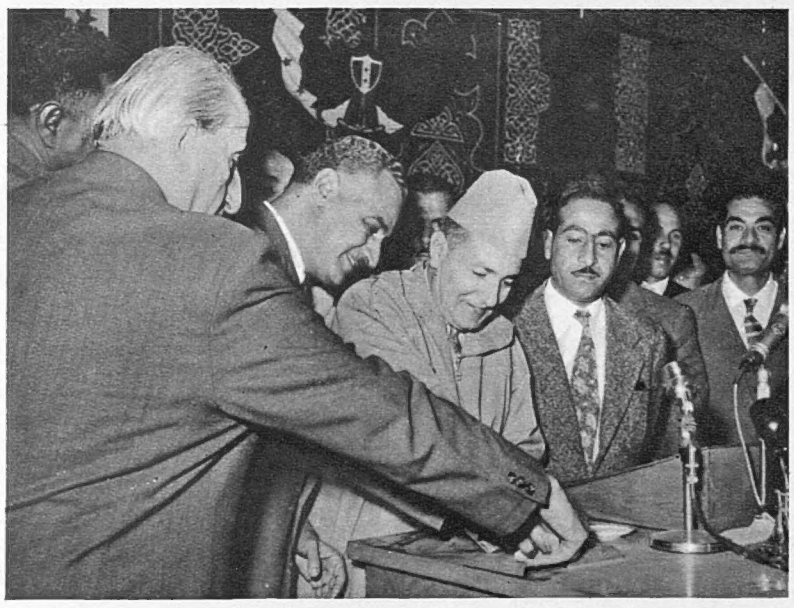
THE OLD STAGER

CEREMONY AT ASWAN

Work on the High Dam is Started by President Nasser

Last week-end was a triumphant occasion for President Nasser. With the " first Arab citizen " Shukry el Kuwatly of Syria and King Mohammed of Morocco, he arrived at Aswan, on the Nile, to inaugurate the first stage of the Aswan High Dam. Throughout his rule, President Nasser has been committed to the project, which may well become the symbol of his prestige. On the way to the site of the new dam, he switched on the first turbine of the new hydro-electric installations of the existing Aswan dam. He then drove along the new road, which has been blasted out of the desert on the east bank of the Nile.

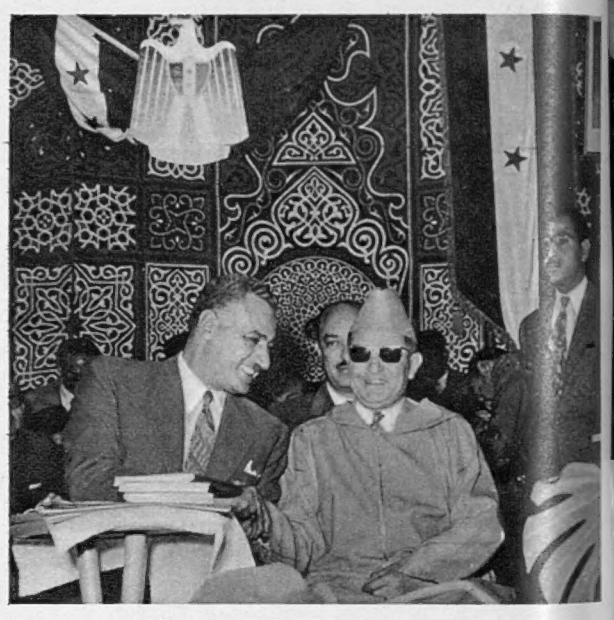
Among the guests was a contingent of Russians. In his speech, Mr. Novikov, the Soviet Minister of Power Station Construction, said that to provide equipment under the U.S.S.R. credit for the first stage, thousands of people were working in the Soviet Union. When Mustafa Arafa, the U.A.R. Public Works Minister, spoke, he mentioned the assistance given by Western experts in preliminary studies. The first stage of the construction comprises the cutting of the diversion channel (substituted for the seven tunnels originally envisaged) and two coffer dams. Among firms submitting plans for the second stage are British and West German concerns. (See also pages 96 and 108.)

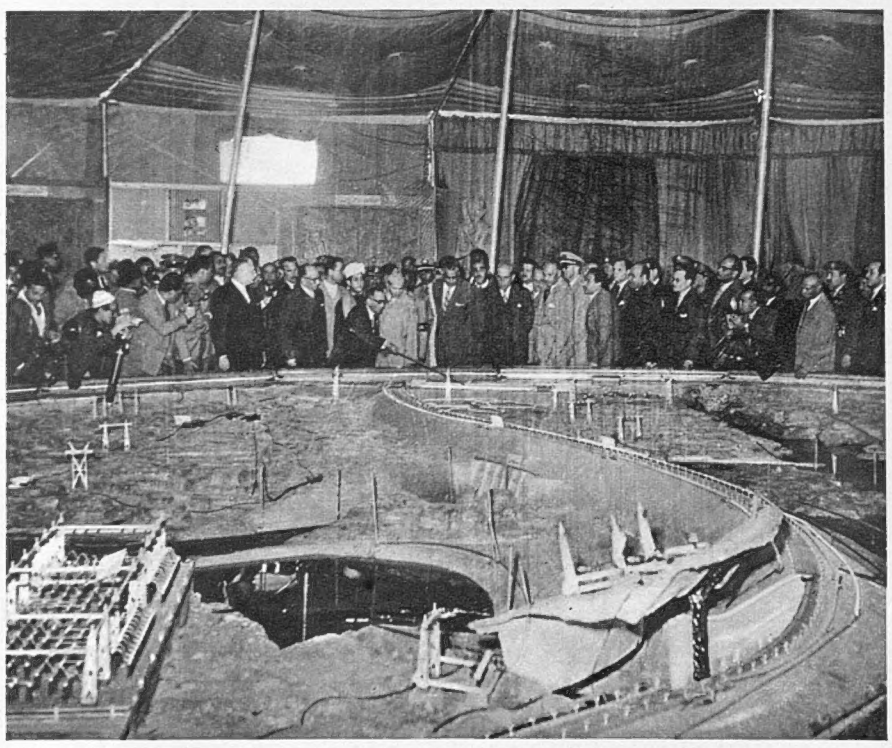


ARRIVING FOR THE OPENING: President Nasser leads his party, including King Mohammed of Morocco and Prince Abdullah; Shukry el Kuwatly of Syria; and Señor Roa, the Cuban Foreign Minister, as they pass through the crowds of officials and workmen at the site of the Aswan High Dam. President Nasser visited the site in the desert on the banks of the Nile last week-end to preside at the official opening of the project.

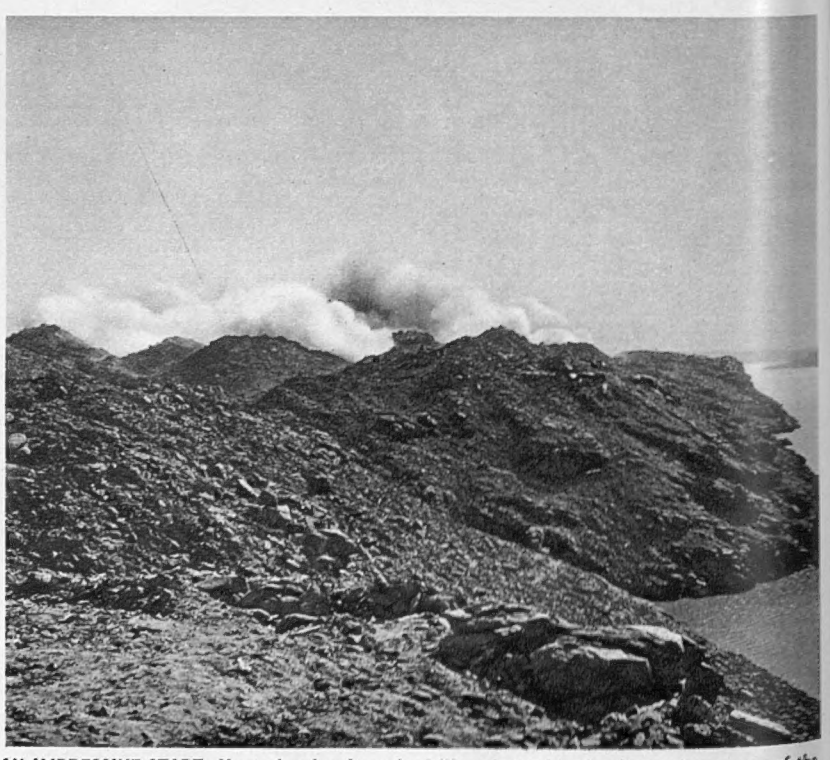
On left—

PRESSING THE BUTTON: From left, Shukry el Kuwatly, President Nasser and King Mohammed put their fingers on the button to detonate 11 tons of dynamite along part of the course of the diversion channel. *Right*—In the special marquee, President Nasser clasps the hand of King Mohammed.





INSIDE THE MARQUEE: The Presidential party inspects a 50-ft. model of the dam, which includes the diversion channel and coffer dams (forming the first stage of the project) and the dam itself and hydro-electric installations, comprising the second stage.



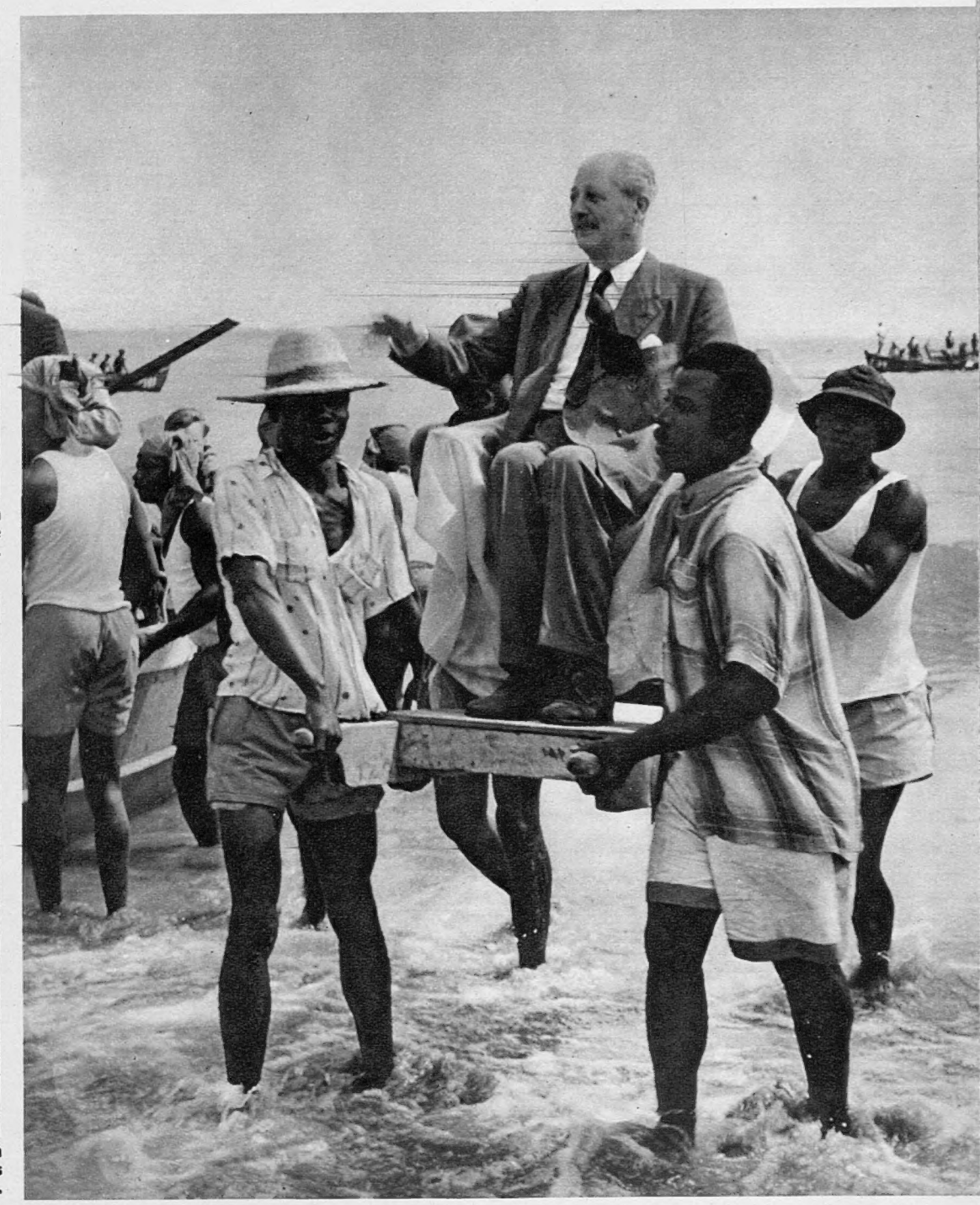
AN IMPRESSIVE START: Vast clouds of smoke billow into the air above the course of the diversion channel, after the dynamite was detonated. The first stage is due to be completed in 1964, with the second stage taking another five or six years.

MR. MACMILLAN IN GHANA

The First Stage of the Prime Minister's Tour of Africa

TWO COMMONWEALTH PRIME MINISTERS: Dr. Nkrumah walks with Mr. Macmillan across the airport at Accra after welcoming the latter. In extreme right background is Lady Dorothy Macmillan.

A DINNER IN ACCRA: Mr. Macmillan is fourth from right and second from right is the Chief Justice of Ghana, Sir Arku Korsah. During his five days in Ghana the British Premier also toured outside Accra.



A RIDE THROUGH THE BREAKERS: Mr. Macmillan is carried in a chair into the waves breaking on the shore of Port Accra. He was taken to a surf-boat for a ten-minute trip in one of the long canoe-like vessels used to unload freighters anchored offshore. He said he thoroughly enjoyed his trip.

"To see and to learn" was how Mr. Macmillan described his current tour of Commonwealth countries in Africa when he arrived in Ghana on the first stage of his journeys on Wednesday of last week (January 6). The first British Prime Minister in office to visit the West African State, which became an independent member of the Commonwealth three years ago, soon showed an eagerness to gather information not only in Accra but elsewhere in the country. On one tour from the capital he saw the progress being made in the construction of the new port of Tema and went on to inspect the site for the Volta River dam. Both projects are important in the economic future of the country.

In Accra great interest centred on the private talks between Mr. Macmillan and Dr. Nkrumah. It was understood that they discussed the likelihood of Ghana becoming a republic later this year, but remaining within the Commonwealth; economic assistance, especially for the Volta dam, and race relations elsewhere in Commonwealth Africa, especially in Rhodesia and Nyasaland. At a Press Conference, the first he had given for a year, the Ghanaian Premier announced his hopes for a United States of Africa. To achieve this objective he said Ghana would be willing to give up her sovereignty. This week Mr. Macmillan is in Nigeria. The most critical part of his tour is regarded as likely to be during next week and the week after, when he will be in Rhodesia and Nyasaland and in South Africa.

On left—

A LOCAL NOTABILITY: Mr. Macmillan meets the Paramount Chief of the Ga (Accra) State. From Ghana the Prime Minister went last Monday to Nigeria. Next week he will be in Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and the week after he is due in the Union of South Africa. He arrives home on February 15.

AFTER THE SERVICE IN THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME IN PARIS: Prince Edouard de Lobkowicz and his bride, Princess Françoise de Bourbon Parma, stand with some of their attendants after the solemnisation of their marriage. The bride is the daughter of Prince and Princess Xavier de Bourbon Parma and the bridegroom, who is an American citizen, is a descendant of the Royal Family of Bohemia. Born in New York, he is the son of an American mother. The service at Notre Dame was the first Royal marriage to be solemnised there for 144 years and was attended by members of European Royal Houses. Among those present were the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, the former Empress Zita, Archduke Otto of Habsburg, the Hereditary Grand Duke Jean of Luxembourg and the Duke and Duchess of Braganza.

ROYAL WEDDING AT NOTRE DAME

The First Royal Marriage Service in the Cathedral in Paris for 144 years

OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL: The bride and bridegroom, followed by their young attendants, pause for a few moments while waiting for their car after the service.

On left—

THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDE: With her train and veil billowing behind her, the Princess walks into the Cathedral for the marriage service. Her veil was held in place by a diamond tiara. Cardinal Feltin, the Archbishop of Paris, officiated at the marriage service and the Abbot of Solesmes celebrated the Nuptial Mass.

MEMBERS OF EUROPEAN ROYAL HOUSES GATHER IN PARIS FOR THE MARRIAGE CELEBRATIONS: *On the left*, the bride and bridegroom are seen with members of their families at a pre-wedding party. Standing next to Princess Françoise is the bridegroom's mother; in the centre is the bride's father. To the right of Prince Xavier are the sister of the bridegroom and the sister and brother of the bride. *Right*—Inside the Cathedral the bride and bridegroom sit in front of the altar. On the left is Archduke Otto.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

AN EXHIBITION IN LONDON OF WORK BY AN INDIAN ARTIST: At the Commonwealth Institute, Mr. E. M. Forster, the author and critic, opens an exhibition of paintings, dry-points, drawings and copies of Indian and Ceylon frescoes by the Indian artist Mukul Dey. Seated are, from left, Dr. Richter, Chairman of the Royal India, Pakistan and Ceylon Society; Dr. R. Le May, Director of the Royal India, Pakistan and Ceylon Society; Mrs. Pandit, Indian High Commissioner in London; Mr. K. Bradley, Director of the Commonwealth Institute, and Mr. Mukul Dey. The exhibition, which opened last week, closes on January 31.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: Sir George Thomson, F.R.S., the physicist and Nobel Prize winner, turns towards Sir James Gray, the zoologist, and expresses his thanks for being installed President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science for the forthcoming year in succession to Sir James. The installation took place at a meeting of the officers of the Association at Birkbeck College, in London, last week. Sir George, who is Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and Emeritus Professor of Physics at London University, announced the theme for his Presidential address at this year's annual meeting of the Association in Cardiff, starting on August 31. He said he would speak on "the two aspects of science"—its effects in altering man's environment and in affecting his thoughts.

A JAMAICAN LEADER IN LONDON: Mr. Norman Manley, the Chief Minister and Minister of Development of Jamaica, is seen on landing at London Airport. He had arrived on an eight-day visit for discussions with Mr. Macleod, the Colonial Secretary, and other members of the Government. Mr. Manley said he was anticipating resolving various matters in these talks.

On left—

BEAR SKINS FOR THE GUARDS: Captain T. L. Ince of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, Officer Commanding the Central Ordnance Sub-depot at Northolt, in Middlesex, inspects some of a gift of sixty-two skins of Canadian bears. These were given to the Brigade of Guards by Mr. Leon del Villano, the Mayor of Timmins, in Ontario. Last summer the Mayor offered to arrange a bear shoot after the Guards' bearskins had been criticised in London as "bedraggled, tatty, and mangy." It is hoped to make about fifty of the caps from the bear skins.

AN AMERICAN FLOATING SCIENTIFIC STATION ABANDONED: Last week-end there were reports that the Arctic ice-floe "Charlie," on which an American research station had been established, was breaking-up and that scientists on it were being rescued. The picture shows supplies being dropped on to the ice-floe in the summer of last year, when melting ice made it impossible for aircraft to use the runway. As the ice-floe, situated 400 miles north-west of Barrow, in Alaska, began to disintegrate, it was reported that the ice had shrunk to one-quarter of its original size in ten hours.

AN OUTPOST AMID THE SNOW: The picture shows what the camp on ice-floe "Charlie" looked like last summer during the thaw. Established last May, the station has been collecting meteorological and technical information on the Arctic. When the floe started to break up, evacuation of the twenty-nine American military and civilian scientists was ordered. The operations by air from Alaska continued over the week-end and, according to plan, by Monday nineteen men had been taken off.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A RAIL CRASH AT MONZA: A wrecked car lies in the debris after it had been struck by the first coach of a derailed train. *Left* is the scene about two miles north of Monza Station, in Northern Italy, after the accident in which fifteen people were killed and about a hundred injured. The coaches on the left are on a temporary iron bridge underneath which a subway is being built. The engine became derailed on a sharp bend and, with the first of the eight coaches, plunged down an embankment. At the time of the accident there was thick fog. An Italian Ministry of Transport statement said that where the crash occurred speed was restricted to eight miles an hour.

A WINTRY WEEK-END IN ENGLAND: A London Green Line bus is pushed on a snow-covered road near Sevenoaks, in Kent, last Sunday. Roads in twenty-four counties were affected by snow and ice, and road conditions in some areas were described as the worst so far this winter. Kent, with falls of 12 ins. and drifts of up to 2 ft., and Sussex, with 7-in. falls, were among the worst hit. The whole of South-East England was described as "one huge skating rink." Hills in Sussex, Surrey and Kent were said to be highly dangerous. Trains from London to the South Coast were running up to an hour and a half late because of snow-drifts and iced rails and points.

AN ACCIDENT AT LONDON AIRPORT: British European Airways' engineers use photographic equipment to examine a wrecked Viscount, whose nose-wheel collapsed after landing. The fifty-four passengers and five members of the crew escaped unharmed while the aircraft began to burn. A B.E.A. spokesman said that the plane was "a complete write-off." The nose-wheel collapsed when the Viscount was taxiing round the perimeter of the airfield in thick fog. Before the aircraft halted the fire broke out, caused by the fuselage running on the ground on hydraulic oil. Some passengers, helped by the two stewardesses and the steward, climbed on to the wing and jumped to safety. Others slid down a rope thrown out of an emergency door by a stewardess. Only the central part of the fuselage caught fire; the rear wings and the main wings were not affected. Passengers' luggage in the front of the aircraft was burned but that in the rear was undamaged.

A CYCLONE IN THE NEW HEBRIDES: A wrecked car, its roof shattered, lies overturned on a road near Vila, on the island of Efate. *Right*—A New Hebridean works among the debris behind the school house of Vila. The cyclone, which struck Efate on the week-end before last, came in two parts. After the first storm the school-house was used as an emergency hospital, but in the second it was wrecked. It was reported that 80 per cent. of the town was flattened. Vila is the centre of the Anglo-French administration of the New Hebrides. Villages on the island were swept away by the winds and floods, and it is thought that almost all the island's crops are ruined.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

AFTER THE FREJUS DISASTER: Visitors' cars are parked in front of the Roman ruins, which were among the few structures left untouched by the violent floods at the beginning of December. Before the disaster, in which hundreds of people lost their lives, the area in front of the ruins was well laid out, with fine roads. Since the weather improved, thousands of visitors have gone to Fréjus, where the flood waters have now completely subsided. The mud has hardened, making easier the start on the huge task of restoration. A special grant has been made by the French Government for the restoration of Fréjus, and contributions to other funds started by private bodies, in foreign countries as well as in France, are going to the survivors of the catastrophe.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE PREMIER OF QUEBEC: The Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. John G. Diefenbaker, is flanked by members of the Federal Cabinet as he arrives at the Church of St. Eustache, 20 miles north of Montreal. He was attending the funeral of Mr. Paul Sauvé, who died recently. Mr. Sauvé, who was fifty-two, was the Premier of Quebec and leader of the Union-Nationale Party. He had only been in power since last September, following the sudden death of Mr. Maurice Duplessis, who, apart from a period during the last war, kept the U.-N. Party in control in Quebec since he founded it in 1936. Mr. Sauvé, the son of Arthur Sauvé, former Postmaster-General in the Conservative regime in the early '30's, succeeded his father in the Legislature, becoming Speaker in 1936 at the age of twenty-nine. He served with the Canadian Army in the Second World War, commanding a regiment in North-West Europe.

AN AMERICAN CASUALTY IN THE FAR EAST: Heavy seas wash over the American cargo-ship *Valley Forge* as she lies, heeled over on a reef, off the Indonesian island of Bintan, 50 miles south of Singapore. The vessel ran aground in a raging storm and was holed. She took in water fast and her master ordered the crew to abandon ship. All of the thirty-seven seamen were rescued. Twenty-two of the survivors were picked up by the Royal Navy minesweeper H.M.S. *Fiskerton* from an uninhabited island the day after leaving their ship. The minesweeper was one of several ships and aircraft which took part in an intensive search for the survivors. The *Valley Forge* broke up on the reef.

MR. GAITSKELL IN THE UNITED STATES: In Washington, the leader of the Labour Party talks to Mr. Livingston Merchant, U.S. Under-Secretary of State. He discussed in an informal manner the international outlook with several officials in the State Department. Mr. Gaitskell, who had been on a brief lecture tour of the U.S., left last week for Jamaica and St. Lucia for a brief holiday. He is due to return to Britain on January 25. In London, the Deputy Leader of the Labour Party, Mr. Aneurin Bevan, went into hospital shortly before the New Year for an operation which turned out to be more serious than was at first thought. His condition last week was fairly satisfactory.

SETTLEMENT OF THE U.S. STEEL STRIKE: Mr. Conrad Copper (left), chief negotiator of the United States steel industry, shakes hands with Mr. David McDonald, the President of the United Steelworkers' Union. In the centre is Mr. Mitchell, U.S. Secretary of Labour. The negotiations, taking place in Washington, brought about an agreement, based on a compromise suggested by Mr. Nixon, the Vice-President of the U.S., and Mr. Mitchell. The latter said that without Mr. Nixon " we would not have had a settlement." After the longest steel strike in American history, steelworkers had been back at work for over eight weeks under the Taft-Hartley Law invoked by the White House, and due to expire on January 26. To keep the men at work further Government measures would have been required. A wage rise of 39 cents an hour spread over 2½ years was granted. One steel company announced that they did not intend to increase prices.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

IN THE AREA OF THE SINO-INDIAN BORDER DISPUTE: At the airstrip at Chushul, in Ladakh, Mr. Krishna Menon (centre, with stick and fur-peaked cap), India's Defence Minister, stands with soldiers and local inhabitants. Second from left is Lieut.-General P. N. Thapar, G.O.C. Western Command, India. Mr. Menon had flown to Ladakh to obtain first-hand information in the territory concerned in the frontier dispute with China. It was reported from Delhi last week that Mr. Khrushchev was expected to stop there on his way to Indonesia next month and have talks with Mr. Nehru on India's relations with China. It was thought he might also visit Pekin.

REFUGEES FROM A TIBETAN MONASTERY: From right to left are: Jatul Nawang Rikzing, Chief Lama of the Rongbuk monastery in Tibet; his father; his mother and his two sisters. The picture was taken in the Katmandu valley of Nepal, where several thousand refugees from Tibet are now living. The Lama is aged nineteen. He is quoted as stating that his monastery, which is on the northern slopes of Mount Everest, in Tibet, was attacked by Communists and five of the thirty monks were killed. He and his family made a trek of five days before reaching Nepal.

HAILE SELASSIE IN SUDAN: The Emperor of Ethiopia presses a plunger to inaugurate work on the new hydro-electric project at the Sennar dam, on the Nile, 200 miles south of Khartoum. Second from right is General Abboud, the Sudanese President. The Sennar dam controls irrigation for the Gezira cotton-growing region and the hydro-electric project will provide power for local industries. During the first seven days of this month Emperor Haile Selassie toured many parts of Sudan during an official visit. On his arrival in Khartoum he was given a very enthusiastic welcome.

THE NEW CURRENCY IN FRANCE: Bank employees take away bags of the new "heavy" francs from the Banque de France in Paris. The new coins and notes which came into circulation at the beginning of the year consist of units equivalent to 100 of the old francs. The "heavy" currency was decreed in the financial reforms of last year but it is expected to be some considerable time before the old franc is entirely superseded. The authorities have frequently reassured the country that the currency change is not a form of disguised devaluation. The coins for the five and two new francs are silver. The new one franc is made of nickel.

THE WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR'S EIGHTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY: Dr. Adenauer's health is drunk by Herr Schroeder (extreme right), the West German Minister of the Interior, and Professor Erhard, the Minister for Economic Affairs, at the Chancellor's official residence in Bonn. Among those who personally greeted him on his birthday were politicians, civil servants and generals and his nineteen grandchildren. The first, and to date only, Federal German Chancellor is by age one of the most senior Heads of Government in the world. Last year he announced his intention of retiring from the Chancellorship and succeeding Dr. Heuss as President. However, he very soon changed his mind and stated he would carry on in office as Chancellor.

THE REVIVAL OF NAZI FEELING IN GERMANY: The articles seen here are some of those confiscated by the West Berlin police in round-ups of suspected Nazi sympathisers. The flag has a small swastika in its top corner. Among the books are copies of Hitler's *My Struggle* and Alfred Rosenberg's *Myth of the Twentieth Century*. The wave of anti-Semitism and neo-Nazi manifestations reached West Berlin from West Germany last week. In West Berlin two right-wing youth organisations were outlawed.

World Affairs

BRITAIN'S EXTERNAL VOICE—AND FACE

By JOHN CONNELL

IN the spate of prophecy which greeted the New Year there was curiously little (as far as I noticed) written or said about the future of communications, particularly in radio, both sound and television. Yet developments in mass-communications have been of special significance in almost every decade in this century, and I do not believe that the 1960's will prove to be exceptional. I am not competent to prophesy on technical matters, though I have a suspicion that coloured television, on a wide scale, is a good deal nearer than most people think, and that it will prove as revelatory and as revolutionary as the linking of sound to sight was in the evolution of the cinema.

What interests me, politically and socially, is the spread, which I believe is going to be swift and irresistible, of television across the world. I cannot for the life of me see how it can be prevented, and we ought therefore to prepare ourselves for the sudden creation and expansion of television services in countries still economically undeveloped, and for the explosive consequences of the impact of this method of communication upon their vast and emotionally malleable populations.

What part is Britain going to play in this process? The B.B.C., whenever it has one of its corporate common orative beanos (a practice to which the older ladies and gentlemen in Broadcasting House are, quite naturally, becoming increasingly addicted), takes a proper pride in recalling that, with the opening of its Empire Broadcasting Service in 1932, it pioneered extra-national mass-communication by radio. This was a notable achievement, although anyone who has had to listen to, or read the translated monitorings of, the foreign language broadcasts of the B.B.C.'s countless imitators from Nazi Germany to the Soviet Union or the United Arab Republic, is apt to feel that Lord Reith and his gallant band of associates conjured up a legion of devils as well as one beneficent, plummy-voiced fairy.

However, the good fairy has held doggedly on, through all the screams, shouts and sneers—and, it is right to add, the hours and hours of boring drivel—emitted by her rivals. She may herself be dull, at times, she may be prim, she may now be a trifle old-fashioned, but some unquestioned triumphs stand to her record. Though they have never really won the full understanding or enthusiastic encouragement of Parliament or of Whitehall, the B.B.C.'s External Services have done an excellent job for Britain in the past twenty years.

Of course, they have their faults. Apart from a profound and implacable distrust of a monopolistic bureaucracy and apart from the occasional, inevitable *contretemps* into which any independent writer or commentator is bound to tumble with such a bureaucracy, my own major criticism of the B.B.C.'s External Services is that they have clung too long to the system of direct short-wave transmission, and have refused to make transcription (i.e., programmes recorded, largely nowadays on tape, and despatched for transmission by local medium-wave stations overseas) their main instrument.

The reasons for this mistaken decision lie far back in the internal history of the B.B.C., during and immediately after the war, when a huge edifice of vested interests was created, never—as yet—to be demolished. The Drogheda Committee, some years ago, made a valiant attempt, and failed. But the results have been (since listening to short-wave radio transmission, with all its hazards of interference and distortion, is an arduous and hazardous business) a steady diminution of audiences, and as a corollary a marked loss of influence and authority. Nobody abroad nowadays (except, I suppose, the monitoring services of Communist states) has to listen to the B.B.C., and far too few people do. So far as the Commonwealth is concerned—the word Empire, with which it all began, is firmly and perpetually taboo—a great many territories, long before they emerged from dependent status, had their own local broadcasting service; and on or before Independence Day it has become customary for each of these services to take on a fervidly national, and nationalistic flavour.

It has been in continuing to feed broadcasting systems of this kind, both by arrangements for re-broadcasting B.B.C. material and by a steady supply of transcription material (steady, but, as I have made clear, not in my opinion nearly generous enough) that the B.B.C.'s External Services have been able to maintain British influence and interests.

Their aim in so doing has been defined by Sir Ian Jacob, the Director-General who retired at the end of last month, in the following terms: " To state the truth with as much exactitude and sincerity as it is given to human beings to achieve: to elucidate objectively the world situation and the thought and actions of this country; and to build a closer understanding between peoples by providing interest, information and entertainment, each in due measure according to the needs of the many audiences."

If there is a faint flavour of priggishness about this definition, it is excusable on the grounds of historical inevitability. It is as impossible to change the tone and temper, and the consistent inner character of the B.B.C., as it is to convert the Church of England to Mormonism. And it has to be admitted, on the whole with pride, that, over a period of more than two decades, the image of Britain in the minds and hearts of millions overseas has been that projected and sustained by the B.B.C.'s External Services, and it has not been an inaccurate or grossly distorted image. But if these services continue to concentrate, as they have hitherto concentrated, on the transmission of sound radio, will it become a fading and not very interesting image?

That, I think, is the question to which the new Director-General, Mr. Hugh Carleton Greene, will have urgently to address his attention. As the break-through into the television age occurs in country after country—and many of them will not be amongst the most advanced,

CHANGES AT THE B.B.C.: Lieut.-General Sir Ian Jacob retired from the post of Director-General of the British Broadcasting Corporation at the end of last year. He was Military Assistant Secretary to the War Cabinet in the last war. He became Director of B.B.C. Overseas Services in 1947 and D.G. in 1952.

THE NEW DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE B.B.C.: Mr. Hugh Carleton Greene is seen outside Broadcasting House as he arrives to take up his new appointment on January 1. A journalist by training, Mr. Greene made his reputation in broadcasting as Head of the B.B.C. German Service during the war. Since 1945 he has held other key posts in broadcasting.

educationally, technically or economically—what part will the B.B.C. have to play? It is certain that the Corporation cannot, from its own resources, continue to fulfil its proclaimed aims and purposes in the television age as it has done in the sound radio age. The grant-in-aid, annually voted by Parliament, has until now been confined to sound radio and has been barely adequate. As sound radio listening takes second place to television viewing overseas as it has done in this country, over an astonishingly brief period of years, a grant-in-aid on this scale would be of little more than no help.

Parliament and the public, unless they want Britain to have no external voice or face in a world in which others will be projecting their voices and their faces with increasing vigour, had better awaken rapidly to their responsibility, and they had better realise that to discharge it adequately is bound to be pretty costly.

The effective range of direct television transmission and reception is at present, and is likely to remain, pretty limited—by comparison with short-wave, long-range sound radio, in which standards of reception have habitually been tolerated far lower than could ever be possible with television. If, therefore, apart from the short-range and mutual facilities of Eurovision, Britain wants to continue to project her face and her voice abroad, television transcription in one form or another must become the major instrument.

From its experimental establishment in 1952 (for which it was allotted the preposterously small sum of £15,000) until 1958, the B.B.C.'s Television Transcription Unit was given no grant-in-aid, and the Corporation had to bear the cost out of its own resources. Even so, before the end of the decade it was putting out to stations abroad, both in film and tele-recordings, over 500 programmes a year. This is a valiant effort, but a huge and swift expansion will soon be necessary, if—as country after country opens its television service—we are not to find the way to our co-operation and interest effectively barred by others more alert to the potential value of the new medium, the United States, for example, the Soviet Union, or the United Arab Republic.

It is a grim comment on our situation in the world to-day, and on the manner in which time and again we react to that situation, that as one contribution to our Middle East debacle, some genius installed a British-built television transmitter a few years ago in Iraq and a certain number of receiving sets were distributed. That transmitter and those receivers are now used to give a day-by-day and horrifying picture of the sinister and savage antics of the Iraq People's Court and its President, Colonel Maddawi. This is not the kind of experiment that ought to be regarded as a precedent or ever repeated.

But there are large areas of the world where we are less obviously doomed to disaster than we were in the Arab countries. What is to be done about the establishment of television broadcasting systems in these regions, about the financing of the supply of receiving sets (in many countries these will obviously be for communal rather than house-by-house and family viewing), about the training of technical and programme staffs (we shall not be without competitors, for there is already on the engineering side a drift towards Italy), and about the supply of programmes and programme material?

Here in Britain we have evolved, and are still evolving, a dual television system. I believe that when we move into the external field, the work will have to be undertaken jointly by the B.B.C. and I.T.A. I cannot see how it would be adequate or would have any chance of success if it were left solely to one or the other. What is essential is that there should be a general recognition, by Parliament, the Press and the public, that the time is short and that the need to move, and move quickly, is urgent.

ALPINE TUNNELLING

Work on the Great St. Bernard Pass Tunnel, Connecting Italy and Switzerland

For many months of the year there are no road connections over the Alps. The only trans-alpine links in winter are the railway tunnels, which are driven beneath the mountains. Road communications in Europe were already a matter of concern before the last war and, with traffic density rising by leaps and bounds in the post-war years, work went ahead planning road tunnels under the Alps.

The Mont Blanc tunnel, which will be opened next year, if all goes well, was the first to be started. It is a joint French-Italian-Swiss project costing some £12,000,000. The tunnel through the Great St. Bernard Pass is being financed by Italian and Swiss private investors, by local communities that will benefit—the canton of Valais, the town of Lausanne, the provinces of Turin and Aosta—and by the Fiat Company.

The Great St. Bernard tunnel will connect northern Italy with western Switzerland by the Aosta to Martigny road which at present is some 50 miles long. The tunnel itself will be some 6,430 yards long and will be over 6,000 ft. above sea-level. Open all the year round, it will cut the journey from Aosta to Martigny by six miles. The road through the tunnel will have a dual carriageway for cars and a footpath on each side. Its width will be 23 ft. and its height 14 ft. Gradients will not exceed 1:500. Approaching it, new covered roads are being built on both the Swiss and Italian sides. Other work which will be carried out is the construction of ducts for the special ventilation system to keep the tunnel free of exhaust gases. In addition, the tunnel will carry the oil pipe-line from the port of Genoa to the Italo-Swiss refinery which is being built at Aigle, near the Lake of Geneva.

Bringing great benefits to European motorists, the tunnel will connect with the German autobahnen and the Italian autostrade systems. It will cater for traffic coming from England, Belgium and France, through Pontarlier and Basle and from the whole of western Switzerland and northern Italy. In this way an international route is being provided without touching Geneva, which will be served by the Mont Blanc tunnel, about 12 miles to the west of the Great St. Bernard tunnel.

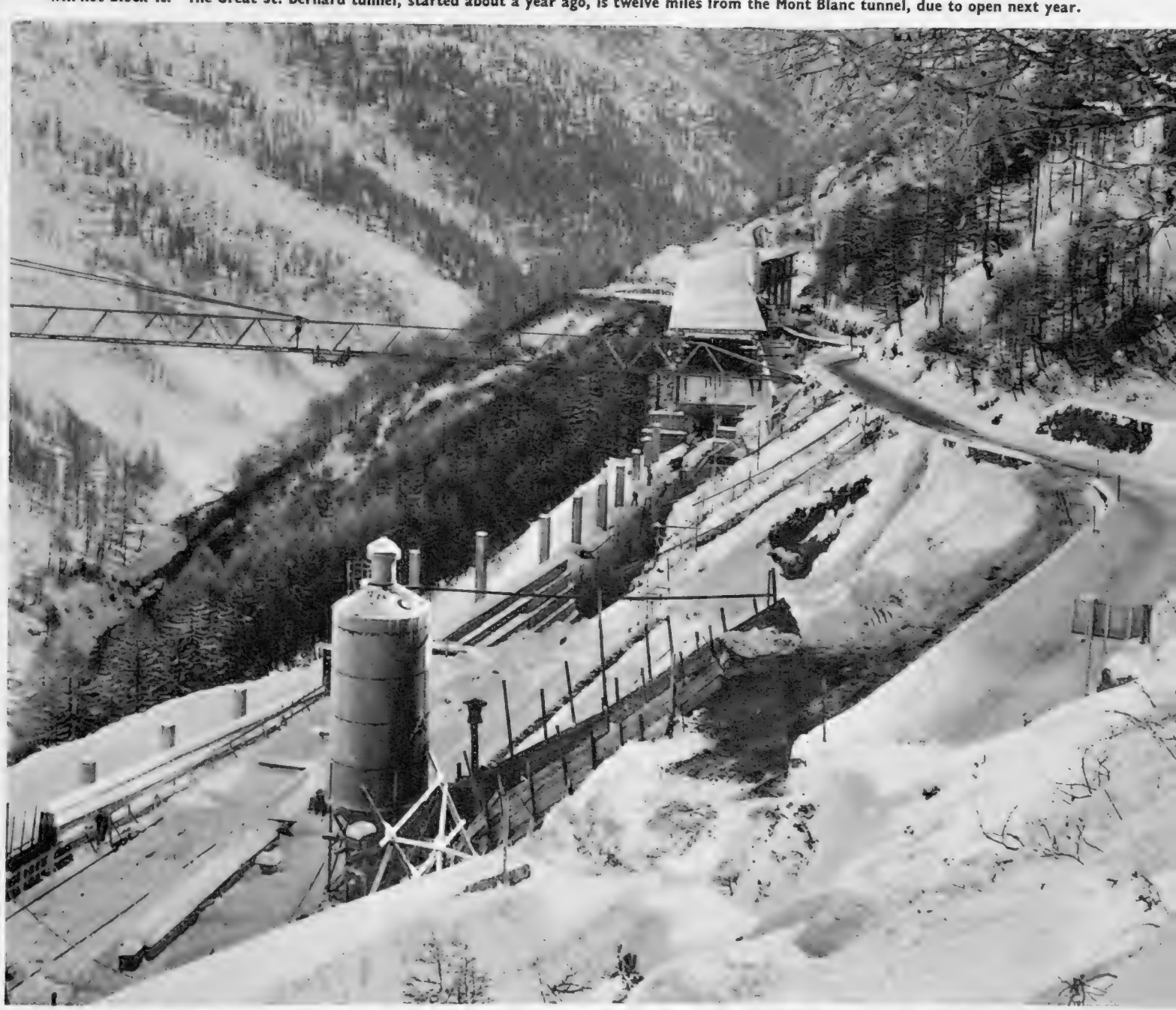
On right—

INSIDE THE TUNNEL: Wearing steel helmets, Italian miners are at work in the Great St. Bernard tunnel. Wooden props and steel girders support the sides and the roof.

IN THE SNOW-COVERED VALLEY: The concrete structure on t of the covered road which will lead to the tunnel. Left is the temporary bridge. In foreground are tanks contain

A TUNNEL UNDER THE ALPS: The bridge across the valley leads to the Italian entrance (left) of the tunnel between Italy and Switzerland in the Great St. Bernard Pass. Supported on a steel framework, the bridge is only a temporary structure. The road it carries will be covered so that snow will not block it. The Great St. Bernard tunnel, started about a year ago, is twelve miles from the Mont Blanc tunnel, due to open next year.

ountainside is the framework w, from above the entrance, of npressed air for the drills.



THE APPROACH TO THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE: The concrete piles, to take the remainder of the covered roadway to the entrance, are in position on the side of the mountain. By covering the highway, Italian engineers have made sure that snow, which normally causes severe dislocation of traffic on Alpine roads, will not affect vehicles using the tunnel. It is expected that the great St. Bernard tunnel will be completed by 1962.

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE

The Story of Its Discovery by J. H. Speke

At a point at the northern end of Lake Victoria, in Uganda, overlooking the waters regulated by the Owen Falls dam, is a simple tablet on which is inscribed: "John Hanning Speke on 28th July, 1862, first discovered the source of the Nile from a point marked by a stone on the opposite bank. This memorial faces the site of Ripon Falls, now submerged, first named by Speke." From this point the Nile flows for 4,160 miles until it reaches its delta in the Mediterranean.

For many thousands of years, the source of the Nile was unknown. To the peoples who lived on its banks, depending on its water for their existence, it was venerated as a god and its ways were a mystery. They had no knowledge of the river above Meroe in the Nubian desert or of the causes of its annual inundations. The problem was later discussed by Herodotus and other Greek writers. Ptolemy wrote of two streams issuing from two lakes which, after uniting in one river, were joined by the Astapus to form the main course of the Nile. This was how the river was shown in the maps of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Bruce discovered the source of the Blue Nile in 1770.

During the nineteenth century the mapping of the river was a goal for explorers. John Hanning Speke, born in Somerset in 1827, had accompanied Sir Richard Burton into Somaliland in 1854. Three years later, again with Burton, he reached Lake Tanganyika to the south-west of Lake Victoria. Burton fell ill and Speke pushed on alone to reach Victoria Nyanza. He went back again in 1862, accompanied by J. A. Grant, and established that the Nile was in fact an outlet of the lake. Two years later, he was dead, having accidentally shot himself.

The publication of his discoveries led only to fresh controversy. David Livingstone was not satisfied and was invited by the Royal Geographical Society and the British Government to explore the watersheds of the three great rivers, the Nile, Congo and Zambezi. In 1866, he was in Zanzibar, preparing for what turned out to be his last journey. He believed that he found "the fountains of the Nile," but it was the banks of the Congo that he had reached. When his records reached London, they only added to the confusion. In 1874, the matter was finally settled when General Gordon sent a member of his staff up the Nile. From the south, he reached a spot near Juba where Speke had arrived, travelling northwards from the Ripon Falls.

The original tablet commemorating the discovery was submerged after the building of the Owen Falls Dam, which now provides power for Uganda and even Kenya. Sir Winston Churchill, visiting the spot in 1907, remarked, "What fun to make the immemorial Nile begin the journey by diving through a turbine." To-day the Nile does just that. The Owen Falls Hydro-electric Scheme was officially opened by the Queen in 1954. It was planned that the dam, besides supplying electricity for Uganda, should provide Egypt and the Sudan with water for irrigation, and they contributed towards the cost of the scheme. The dam has a maximum height of 100 ft.

For many years, engineering works have been constructed along the banks of the river to regulate its flow and to trap its waters for irrigation and other purposes. In the Delta the barrage, built in 1861, cost nearly £2,000,000. In 1902, the Zifta barrage and the Assiut barrage were completed and the first Aswan dam, built at a cost of about £2,500,000, was brought into operation. During the years 1907 to 1912, this dam was strengthened and made higher. In 1908, the Esna barrage, in Qena Province, was built to regulate the water drawn off by two canals. After it was remodelled it provided for the perennial irrigation of 600,000 acres, allowing two crops to be grown per year. The Neg Hammadi barrage, finished in 1930, provides water for Girga Province. Plans are going forward for the latest scheme, the Aswan High Dam. (Details of the model are on page 108.)

THE START OF THE WORLD'S LONGEST RIVER: The Nile leaves Victoria Nyanza at its northern end in Uganda, at the spot where the Ripon Falls used to be before they were submerged in the waters of the Owen Falls Dam. The source was only discovered in the nineteenth century. It is generally agreed that the Nile is 4,160 miles long, about 100 miles longer than the Amazon.

THE OWEN FALLS DAM: This was built a little lower down the Nile from the Ripon Falls. It is estimated that every cubic foot of its concrete holds back a million cubic feet of water. The dam is about 2,500 ft. long.

COMMEMORATING THE DISCOVERY OF THE NILE'S SOURCE: *Left*—Now surrounded by water is the tablet set up to commemorate the discovery of the source in 1862 by John Hanning Speke. *Right*—After the waters, dammed by the Owen Falls scheme, submerged the old memorial, a new one was erected high up on the bank, showing where the Ripon Falls used to be. The inscription on the new tablet records that Speke made his discovery from a point on the opposite bank of the river. The spot is marked by a stone.

CELEBRATING THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE CAMEROON: Wearing a French Army cap, a tribesman takes part in the festivities in Yaoundé. Formerly the French Cameroons, administered as a U.N. Trusteeship by the French, the State became the Republic of Cameroon on January 1.

INDEPENDENCE FOR CAMEROON

The Former French Trustee Territory is Now a Republic

THE PROCLAMATION IN YAOUNDE: Among the foreign delegates at the ceremony in the official stand at the Place de l'Hippodrome, renamed the Place de l'Indépendance, is Mr. Hammerskjöld, the U.N. Secretary-General. The proclamation was made by the Prime Minister, Mr. Amadou Ahidjo. At dawn the Cameroon flag was hoisted over the Governmental Palace without ceremony and most of the festivities were cancelled as a "measure of prudence" after pre-independence fighting.

On left—

THE PRIME MINISTER: Mr. Amadou Ahidjo, the Premier of the Republic of the Cameroon, makes his speech during the celebrations at Garoua.

Most of the celebrations in Yaoundé on the occasion of the declaration of the independence of the Republic of the Cameroon were cancelled after a further outbreak of violence in the capital. On the last night of the old year, the French flag was hauled down at dusk in the presence of two French Ministers, M. Louis Jacquinot and M. Robert Buron, and the Prime Minister of the Cameroon, Mr. Amadou Ahidjo. So simple was the ceremony that only a few small groups of spectators stood by in silence to watch the end of forty years of French rule in the Cameroons.

January 1, the new flag of the Republic was hoisted without ceremony over the Governmental Palace, and a 101-gun salute was fired. A few days before, about forty people had been killed during fighting in the seaport of Douala, and on the last night of the old year three people were hacked to death by machetes in the La Briquetteries quarter of Yaoundé, during a raid organised by the proscribed Union des Populations Camérounaises (U.C.P.) on Baboumn, Haoussa and Bassa tribesmen.

In his speech during the Independence ceremonies, Mr. Ahidjo offered an amnesty to "those who recognised their error," and appealed for national reconciliation. This was aimed at the U.P.C., which has been violently opposed to the Prime Minister and his party, the Union Camérounaise, ever since his election in 1958. U.P.C. has been in violent opposition for even longer, since it was banned in 1955. It appears unlikely that violence will end with the coming of independence, since it is primarily internecine, and gains much of its fuel from inter-tribal jealousy.

In Africa, where the transitional stages, from colonial administration by a foreign Power to complete independence, have become a matter of vital concern to Africans, the progress of Cameroon is watched with some anxiety. The Republic's neighbours include Nigeria and the Belgian Congo. One of the great fears of the emerging nationalist rulers in the continent is that the various states, as they achieve independence, will lapse into jealousy of each other. For many there is strength in banding together, and pan-Africanism has become a major political tenet. But with the fresh atmosphere of freedom, many of the tribal jealousies, which had lain apparently more or less dormant since the Colonial Powers agreed on the shareout of Africa in 1885, have been fanned into violence by political factions, seeking support. What is prevalent in the Belgian Congo seems also to be the case in the Cameroon.

THE FESTIVITIES IN GAROUA: Brilliantly-coloured drums are carried before native chiefs on their way to the celebrations in the town in the north of Cameroon. *Left*—During the celebrations in Yaoundé, the capital, there is a special cheer for the newly elected "Miss Independence."

The history of the French Cameroons shows the various stages parts of the African Continent passed through during this century. The German Protectorate of Kamerun was obtained by conquest by British and French forces during the Great War. The Milner-Simon Agreement divided the area into British and French spheres. In 1922 the territories were placed by the League of Nations, under British and French mandates, and in 1946 by the United Nations under British and French trusteeship.

This history of territorial divisions, drawn up by agreement, has left a rather tricky problem for the Colonial Office and the U.N. to solve. Between Nigeria and the new Cameroon Republic lie the two long strips of land which form the British North and South Cameroons. They reach from the Atlantic to Lake Chad. The Northern areas have been administered as part of the Northern Region of Nigeria, and the Southern areas became in 1954 quasi-Federal territory within the Federation of Nigeria; that is, it gained its own legislature.

In a plebiscite held recently in the Northern areas, the people were given a choice of either joining Northern Nigeria or deferring any decision. Not unnaturally, they decided to wait and see. In the south, opinion appears to be about equally divided between joining Nigeria or Cameroon. It has been recommended that a further plebiscite should be held starting in September of this year and going on into next year. This will pose the choice of joining either Nigeria or Cameroon. But in October, Nigeria becomes independent, and until the British Cameroons decide their own future, administrative arrangements will have to be made. Although Cameroon would like to add these territories to the Republic, it is believed unofficially that they will join Nigeria. In any case, they will be courted intensively by both sides during the next few months.

PANORAMA OF THE GOLDEN HORN: The view from the suburb of Eyoub looks down to Istanbul, on right, with some of its mosques on the skyline. On left are Beyoglu and Galata. Although Istanbul is no longer the Turkish capital, new hotels and office blocks show that it is a tourist and commercial centre of growing importance.

OLD AND NEW IN ISTANBUL

Historic Monuments and Modern Buildings in Turkey's Former Capital

A FAMOUS MOSQUE OF ISTANBUL: The Ahmed or Blue Mosque was built by the Sultan Ahmed I between 1608 and 1614. It is curious in possessing six minarets. This caused an outcry when it was built because the only other six-minaret mosque was the Great Mosque in Mecca. Ahmed met the objection by adding a seventh minaret to the mosque in the Holy City.

GRACEFUL PROPORTIONS: The courtyard in the centre of the Ahmed Mosque is flanked by a domed colonnade. Above, a number of semi-domes lead to the great dome

ISTANBUL, in its earlier manifestations Constantinople or Byzantium, is still one of the finest cities in the world. Until the First World War the policies of the Porte were reported by diplomatic and foreign correspondents on a par with the opinions of the Ballhausplatz, the Wilhelmstrasse and Whitehall. Under Kemal Ataturk Constantinople became Istanbul. The capital of Turkey was transferred to Ankara, in Asia.

This meant a decline in the political status of the city which lies on so splendid a site along the Golden Horn off the Bosphorus. Even so, Istanbul remains the territory of Turkey in Europe and no one can pass through it without being aware of its historical significance and of the efforts being made within its environs to combine the old with the new.

Byzantium was an early example of town planning. Founded by the Greeks in the middle of the seventh century B.C. in accordance with the counsel of the Pythian Oracle of Apollo, it turned out that the city was not well situated from a military point of view. It was soon occupied and burnt down by the Persians, their Satrap Megabazus making jokes about the "blind" citizens. Athens and Sparta disputed possession during the Peloponnesian War.

An incident which was to have a far-reaching effect on human symbolism occurred in 339. By this time Philip of Macedon had entered the lists and was besieging Byzantium. A night attack of an assault party was betrayed, so legend has it, by the barking of dogs and the light of a falling meteor in the northern sky. The defenders raised a statue to Hecate, the Torch-bearer, and in her honour struck coins bearing her emblem of the Crescent Moon. This symbol was bequeathed by Byzantium to Constantinople and became in due course the Sign of Islam.

Constantinople was not given its name until the period of the decline of the Roman Empire. The Emperor Constantine inaugurated his capital of a new and Christi Roman Empire in A.D. 330 and the city's name was chang in his honour. His successors began an age of magnifice building, the most famous monument being the Cathed of Holy Wisdom (Hagia Sophia) erected by Justinian. spite of numerous vicissitudes and changes—St. Sophia h been successively a mosque and a museum—the m fabric constructed by the Roman Emperor survives f the most part. Obvious additions are the minarets up by the Turks when they took Constantinople in t historic year 1453.

The Turks also gave the city a sacking which w thorough even for those times. The result is that th are few survivals of the splendours of the Byzanti which is familiar through the pages of Gibbon to ev literate Englishman. The Turks themselves possibly ma recompense in the many magnificent mosques which th in their time erected. Some are named after the ru

A MOST SACRED PLACE OF MUSLIM WORSHIP: The Mosque at Eyoub, a suburb of Istanbul, was held to be so sacred that until 1910 no infidels were permitted to enter. Here new Sultans were invested with the Sword of State.

IN A SUBURB OF ISTANBUL: In left background is the Mosque at Eyoub, and in right foreground is a typical Turkish kiosk of the eighteenth century. Eyoub is a favourite excursion for visitors because of the splendid views to be seen along the Golden Horn.

ABRIC FROM THE ROMAN ERA: The Cathedral of Hagia Sophia (Holy Wisdom) has been a mosque since the Turks took Constantinople in 1453. Built by the Emperor Justinian in 532, it has undergone many changes and suffered many vicissitudes, but much of the original main fabric remains intact. The minarets were added under Turkish rule.

ho endowed them, such as Selim I, Shah Zadeh and uleiman, the Magnificent.

Two deserve especial attention. One is the Mosque of hmed, built by the first Sultan of that name between 508 and 1614. It is sometimes known as the Blue Mosque ecause of the colour of the tiles adorning its interior walls. hmed decreed six minarets for his structure. This aused much ill-feeling in religious circles, for the only her mosque which had this number of minarets was the reat Mosque in the Holy City of Mecca. Ahmed refused be deflected from his purpose by the popular outcry. He dered an additional minaret to be added to the mosque Mecca.

The other especially notable mosque is in Eyoub, a burb of Istanbul, and on the south side of the Golden orn. Held in great reverence by the Muslims, no infidel as allowed to enter its portals for centuries. The ban as lifted shortly before the First World War. At the Eyoub Mosque in the days of the Porte, each new Sultan attended for the ceremony in which he was girded with the Sword of State.

With the end of the Sultanate and the advent of Kemal's New Turkey, Constantinople—or Istanbul from 1923—ceased to be a capital city. For the last twenty-seven years Ankara has been the centre of political activity. Yet Istanbul has always remained the great attraction of the country. Arrival by sea at dawn or sunset is an unforgettable experience. There in the growing or fading light is a panorama of domes, pinnacles and towers, and on the other side of the Bosphorus are the outposts of Asia. Recently it has become clear that Istanbul is becoming increasingly aware of its value as a tourist centre. New hotels with splendid views are being built. Some of them are on sites on the waterfront so that they can command views of both Europe and Asia. Also there are manifold signs of the increasing role commerce and industry can play in the life of the city.

FOR TOURISTS: The hotel on a site close to the Sea of Marmora has been recently built and is an example of the efforts being made to attract more tourist trade to Istanbul.

ON THE WATERFRONT: The building being erected on the west shore of the Bosphorus is another of the new hotels. From its windows visitors should obtain extensive views.

GOLDCRESTS IN THE GARDEN

Classification of the Smallest British Bird; the Dangers of Snow and Frost; Continental and Native Goldcrests; Absentees from the Bird-Table

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

DURING the harsh frost of 1947 three goldcrests visited the garden. Locally, these birds were once common enough, at the time when there were plenty of conifer woods and few houses. (Now it is the other way about.) They were known to the country folk as Goldcrested Wrens. Actually, I do not think that that is just our local name for them. I think that it is the common name wherever they occur and that it has been given to them because of their small size. But to be accurate, they are not wrens. At one time there was a good deal of argument among the taxonomists as to how they should be classified. Argument of this sort is the breath of life to them.

There were those who considered that they should be regarded as members of the *Paridæ* (the tits) and there were those who thought that they should be regarded as members of the *Sylviidæ* (the warblers). The outcome of all this was that they were placed in a family of their own: the *Regulidæ*. But I do not think that this has altogether stopped the argument. (It would be a poor look-out for the taxonomists should classification ever become firmly fixed. No one is more aware of this than the taxonomist: there is always somebody revising something, which does not make life any easier for ordinary mortals.) The *Paridæ* faction has been totally defeated: I should doubt if it has now a single adherent left. But I am told that there are still those, and maybe quite a number of them, who question very strongly the right of the goldcrests to be regarded as a separate family from the warblers. All this is no doubt very important, and no doubt very entertaining too, if you know anything about it. I do not: so let us return, having made this gesture to accuracy, to the goldcrests.

There were three of them. The weather was very cold, the ground frozen hard, and the birds suffering greatly. In general we are apt, I think, to exaggerate the effect of winter on birds. It is certainly a season of difficulty, but food is not nearly so scarce as we imagine. Nor does our normal winter weather affect our birds to any appreciable extent. The feathers of the back form something very like a thick mackintosh covering.

You may often see a wet and bedraggled blackbird, but it is only the outer feathers that are wet. The bird is actually quite warm and is not suffering any real discomfort. I confess that I often wonder what happens to the thousands of small birds, the finches, the tits, the robins, the wrens, the sparrows, during the winter gales that tear the branches from the trees and shake our houses; and that I am always surprised when next morning I see them about their business as perky as ever. But rain and wind do not affect bird life to any great extent, not nearly as much, certainly, as do great heat and prolonged drought. Nor do birds mind the cold so long as they can obtain food and drink.

It is only the thick suffocating snow, covering everything with its soft white blanket, shutting off food and shelter alike, that troubles all birds: the thick snow and the frost. It is not the hoar-frost which covers the countryside with beauty and does no more than touch the surface of the earth, but the cold, black frost which bonds the earth in iron and ices over the ditches and the streams and the ponds. Hard black frost is worse than thick snow from the birds' point of view. Worst of all is thick snow and days or weeks of hard black frost, for then food is difficult, almost impossible, to obtain, and all the many birds that find their living just beneath the earth's surface suffer greatly, and many die. In such weather you may see them standing forlornly with their feathers puffed out and their bills sunk in their breasts. And the next day you will find some of them, blackbird, thrush, wren, finch and woodpecker (but very rarely a tit), stretched cold and stiff by the hedgerow.

It was in such weather that the goldcrests came. I see, from my diary, that I paid great attention to the bird-tables and that I went out several times a day with a kettle of boiling water to attend to the frozen bird-baths. I see, too, that I had a great many customers and that suet was particularly popular with them. But the trouble about feeding birds at bird-tables in hard weather is that the food goes to those who need it least. The bold and the bullies benefit: the shy and the timid dare not come, or are driven off. The goldcrests did not come. Two days after I had first seen them I found one dead, and frozen stiff, on the snow-covered lawn. I did not see the other two again.

The goldcrest is the smallest British bird. I knew that from my study of bird books. But this was the first time I had seen one close to. When you see one flitting about in a wood you cannot get a proper appreciation of size. It was the first time I had had the opportunity of handling one, and it remains the only time. I had not before realised how small; from the tip of its beak to the tip of its tail this morsel of feathers measured just 3 ins. I took it indoors and weighed it on my scales (I have very accurate apothecary's scales): it weighed one-eighth of an oz. This was a bird that had died of starvation: one must add a little for a bird in good health and fully-fed. Such a bird may measure a fraction over 3 ins. and weigh, maybe, one-sixth of an ounce. It is still so tiny, and so light, that it seems incredible that it can fly the North Sea, and in tempestuous autumn at that. But so it does. Annually, in autumn, numbers cross the North Sea from Norway to winter here, making the return journey in spring.

Actually to be accurate, the ones that do do this are Continental goldcrests. We also have a resident British goldcrest. But do not think that this means that the Continental goldcrest is a bigger, a more powerful, bird than the British. Only a real expert can tell the difference between the two, and then only when he has a specimen of each in the hand for comparison. I would not care to bet that he is always quite certain about it even then. The Continental goldcrest is said to be a little paler, a little greyer. But there is no question of distinguishing between the two in the field.

So I do not know if the bird I found dead was a British or a Continental goldcrest. I do not know if the little party of goldcrests, six in all, which has been frequenting my garden, off and on, these past three weeks, are British or have made the hazardous journey across the cold, grey wastes of the North Sea. I do not care, being content to watch and listen.

It was sound that first drew my attention to them. I have a few fir trees and I was fiddling about close to them, tending some hellebores, when I became conscious of a thin needle call, *zee-zee-zee*, almost too high-pitched for hearing. I did not for a moment or two connect the sound with birds at all: I thought it must be some freak of wind. Then I saw them, high up in the tree, six busy little bundles of greenish feathers. Oddly enough, the orange-yellow crest, which all the bird books stress as the noticeable feature, was not noticeable at all: it was another moment or two before I saw that clearly. But I never doubted the identity of the birds; they were so small and dumpy. They were quite astonishingly tame, coming down to within 3 or 4 ft. of me: and sometimes, on the ground, they have let me approach to within 3 or 4 ft. before taking wing.

The bird books say that they are usually well up in the trees and seldom on the ground. The little flock that has been visiting me is often on the ground, always under the pine trees or the fir trees, busily searching for food. They are so active, so restless, their movements are so swift, that it is really very difficult to follow them accurately. So I cannot say what it is they find to eat. I should not have thought that there were a great many insects there; but, then, I have not the eyesight of a goldcrest.

THE SMALLEST BRITISH BIRD: A goldcrest brings food for its hungry young. *Right*—The tiny bird, which is little more than 3 ins. long, stands over its nest. *(Pictures by Eric Hosking.)*

In the trees their movements are very tit-like—you often see them swinging upside-down, for example—and it is easy to see why there was once a movement to classify them with the tits. But I have not noticed them mixing with the tits in the garden. All the books say that in winter goldcrests associate with tits, joining their flocks. The ones in this garden have kept themselves very much to themselves, almost as though they are one tightly-knit and devoted family; though I do not suppose that that is really the case.

But they do seem to avoid other birds. They have been coming into the garden two or three times a week, roughly every other day, always in the morning and usually about eleven o'clock, and staying for an hour or more. It is as though this is a regular call on a circular tour. They may come at other times as well: I do not spend all day in the garden. Most of their time is spent in or under the conifers, but they also come to berberus bushes hard under the dining-room windows. They do not mind anybody standing at the window and staring down at them; they do not even mind movement in the window. But they have never visited the bird-tables. This may well be because I do not put out the right sort of food for goldcrests (does anybody get them at bird-tables and, if so, will they please tell me what food goldcrests prefer?), but I rather think that it is because they are timid of such hooligans as sparrows, such bullies as robins.

This winter, up to the time of writing, though rather stormy, has been one of the mildest in my memory. I suppose that, in true country fashion, I should regard the advent of the goldcrests as a sure sign of hard weather to come, since the last time I had them in the garden was in exceptionally hard weather. But I am not depressed. I do not think that birds are all that good as weather prophets. Having stuck my neck out, I only hope that they do not prove me wrong!

MUMBLES RAILWAY CLOSURE

The Last Train on the Line Round Swansea Bay

Horses, steam-engines, internal-combustion engines and overhead electric traction engines have drawn trains along the Mumbles Railway which was closed on January 5. It was the oldest passenger-carrying railway in the world, drawing its first passenger truck in 1807. This was an iron truck with room for twelve people. It was hitched behind a train, carrying limestone and iron ore and was owned by the Oystermouth Railway and Transport Company, formed three years previously. The last train consisted of two red electric cars coupled together carrying Council and other officials.

The closure caused much regret, both locally and among railway enthusiasts everywhere. During the last days of the railway's existence, a party of enthusiasts from Hampshire travelled on the line. The last-night train for passengers was crowded and many people braved the midnight rain to watch its passage along the five-mile route around Swansea Bay. There were even bigger crowds the following day when the railway officially closed. To commemorate the event, as well as the last train journey, there was a luncheon in the Guildhall, Swansea, when the deeds to the land on which the railway stands were handed over to Swansea Corporation by the South Wales Transport Company.

The land is estimated to be worth some £300,000 and it is thought that it may be used to make Mumbles a fine holiday resort. The railway had often been called a stumbling-block to the development of the area, but its closure was brought about finally for economic reasons. To maintain the railway in good order would have cost about £350,000, which would have been reflected in fares. The money is now to be spent on providing a diesel bus service.

THE ST TRAIN ON THE MUMBLES RAILWAY: Two cars coupled together ke the final journey round Swansea Bay. The line between Swansea d Mumbles was closed on Tuesday, last week. Beginning in public vice in 1807, it was the world's oldest passenger-carrying railway.

THE END OF A RAILWAY LINE: The Deputy Mayor of Swansea, Alderman Ken Hare, shakes hands with the driver of the last train, Mr. Frank Duncan, who has worked on the railway for fifty-seven years.

WATCHING THE LAST JOURNEY: At Oystermouth Station a large crowd wait for the last train on the Mumbles Railway to pass. Along the five-mile route thousands of people turned out for the occasion. A diesel bus service is replacing the railway, whose closure has been criticised by railway enthusiasts.

THE RUGBY SEASON

After the British Isles Tour of New Zealand; Prospects for the Home International Matches; County Club and School Matches

By VIVIAN JENKINS

EXPERTS IN THE LINEOUT: In the final England trial at Twickenham, J. D. Currie (wearing a white jersey) and R. W. D. Marques get their fingers to the ball. Both players were selected to form the second row of the scrum in the team for England's first international of the season, against Wales, which is being held at Twickenham, to-day, January 16.

TO anyone who spent the summer months travelling the Southern Hemisphere with the British Isles rugby team, the new season, to date, has been largely a matter of recovering one's equilibrium. So momentous were the events on that tour, and so tumultuous the feelings aroused, that any ordinary London club match, with its relatively humane rivalries, comes as balm to the soul. Only in the University match itself is anything like the same fervour generated here, pending the arrival of the international matches. That rugby football in New Zealand is a "religion" was an axiom well-established in the mind before departure; but I was not prepared for the almost obsessional devotion of every man, woman and child in the country to the game. An All Black, during the British team's visit, ranked higher in public esteem than any Cabinet Minister, or so it seemed, and small matters like H-bombs and Summit meetings were relegated to a paragraph or two in the newspapers.

Over 800,000, out of a population of 2,500,000, watched the tourists' twenty-five matches, and the "gate" takings, over £300,000, with a profit of £200,000 or so, were yet another of that recurring species, the "all-time record." That the British players did so well, even though they lost the Test series 3—1, was a tribute to their phlegm, and capacity to resist "jostle," as well as to their ability. In fact, they broke all scoring records for a touring side in the Dominion by totalling 582 pts., an average of over 23 pts. per match, and in the thirty-three matches in Australia, New Zealand and Canada combined, scored 842 pts., including 165 tries. This, again, represented an average of five tries per match for the whole tour.

Players like P. B. Jackson, A. J. F. O'Reilly and D. Hewitt established great names for themselves as attacking runners, and others who came out of the tour with considerably enhanced reputations were the two full-backs, T. J. Davies and K. J. F. Scotland; A. B. W. Risman and R. E. G. Jeeps, at half-back, and that veteran Test tourist R. H. Williams, in the forwards. The overall record of played 33, won 27, lost 6, drawn none (points for, 842; points against, 353) could be accounted satisfactory.

The chief scar, when it was all over, was left by the extraordinary first Test match at Dunedin, when New Zealand won by six penalty goals, all kicked by their 16-stone full-back D. B. Clarke, to the tourists' one goal, one penalty goal and three tries, making the score 18—17—a single point defeat. That a side should score four tries to none, yet come out on the wrong side, seems a crying condemnation of the present scoring system. Some argue that if players "do not know the laws," they have only themselves to blame, but the fact is that in the same match the New Zealanders themselves were penalised fourteen times. So it is not merely a matter of culpability; the offences can go unpunished in the absence of a suitable goal-kicker.

The time has come, one feels, for a "grading" of offences, according to degrees of veniality; and the introduction of an "indirect free kick" for the multitude of minor technical offences, often purely accidental, seems long overdue. Who would say, for instance, that a penalty goal against a scrum-half for putting the ball into the scrum too fast is worth the equivalent of a try? No one but a bigot would even argue the case, and it is good to know that the International Board is giving its serious attention to this problem. The wearing of "shoulder pads" by the New Zealanders, and the Australians, as a regular article of equipment is another matter ripe for the Board's agenda.

Meanwhile our own University match was sullied this season with a similar glut of penalty goals—three to Oxford and one to Cambridge, the only scores of the match, and old Blues were left shaking their heads in reflected shame. Never before had as many as four penalty goals been kicked in this match, which has always been held up to schoolboys everywhere as the *nonpareil*. Admittedly, Oxford deserved to win, and J. G. Willcox showed admirable nerve and skill in putting over the vital kicks; but one try, even a pushover one, would have made Dark Blue supporters feel much happier. As it was, Oxford certainly had more thrust in mid-field, where their captain, M. S. Phillips, the England international, made the best runs of the match.

Of much interest, too, was the appearance on Oxford's right wing of the American freshman, P. M. Dawkins, late of West Point Military Academy. He was known to be a leading exponent of his own national football game, and to hold "All-American" grading, but there seemed considerable risk in introducing him to the Rugby Union game, at University match standard, at such short notice. Another American, F. L. Hovde, in the early '30's, one remembers, took three years to attain similar status, and a magnificent wing three-quarter he became; but it took time. Dawkins, to his credit, routed the unbelievers, and gave a worthy account of himself on the day. His long spiral throw-in from the line-out, too, gave Phillips, in the centre, his best chances of scoring. One wonders, if Dawkins can do it, why some of our own wings cannot follow suit. At least it would open up the game in a department where chaos, for the most part, reigns.

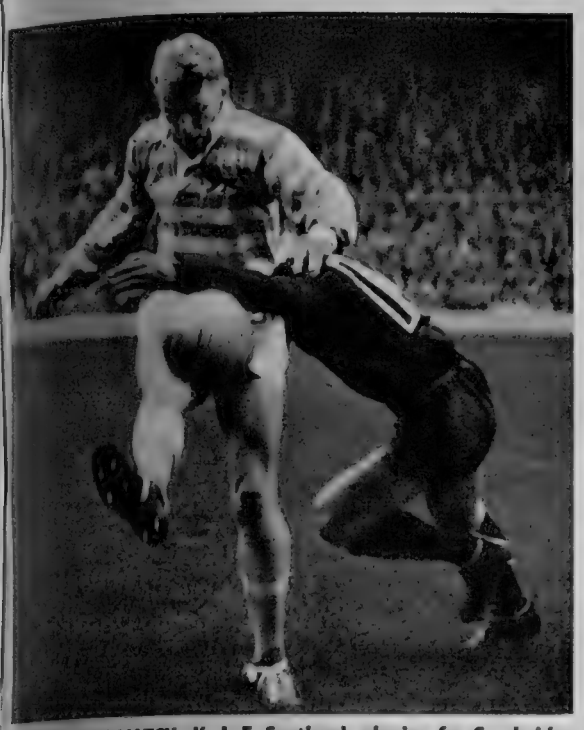
The clubs, meanwhile, have been pursuing their normal course. As usual, too, some have stood out above their fellows, and, at the moment of writing, Rosslyn Park still retain their unbeaten record, carried over into the New Year with a hard-won victory over Blackheath. The Park have had their ups-and-downs in the past, and have not long taken the big plunge of moving to their new ground at Roehampton. Their current success is therefore timely, and a fitting reward for many hard-working officials, headed by the club's president, Mr. Frank Instone. The players, too, deserve their full meed of praise, not least the hard-working back-row of the scrum, in which the Cornishman, T. Thomas, stands out.

Other clubs who went unbeaten longer than most were London Irish, having one of their best seasons for many years and now strengthened by the return of their captain, A. A. Mulligan; Newport, the strongest of the Welsh clubs, with a formidable back-row in Whitson, Davidge and Cresswell, who may all play for Wales before the season is out; and Edinburgh Academicals, who carried all before them until they ran up against a revived

THE FINAL ENGLAND TRIAL: In the murk and drizzle at Twickenham, R. E. G. Jeeps passes from the base of the scrum. Already before the scrum has broken up, the opposing wing forward is advancing on the fly half and the three-quarters have moved up parallel to the scrum. After the final trial, the English selectors chose the team to oppose Wales. The surprise of the announcement was the dropping of P. B. Jackson from the right-wing position.

On right—

SCHOOL RUGBY: On the pitch in front of the main buildings of Eastbourne College, the forwards go up for the ball in the line-out. In the match between Eastbourne and King's, Canterbury, Eastbourne won a closely fought match by 9 points to 8.



THE VARSITY MATCH: K. J. F. Scotland, playing for Cambridge at Twickenham, gets in his kick as he is tackled by the Oxford player, F. E. R. Butler. Scotland was chosen as the Scottish full back for the international match against France, held at Murrayfield last Saturday afternoon.

On right—
AN AMERICAN AT OXFORD: One of the most interesting aspects of the Varsity match was the performance of the American freshman, P. M. Dawkins, as a wing three-quarter. Despite having played rugby for such a short time, he gave a fine display.

CLUB RUGBY: In the game between Rosslyn Park and Fettesian-Lorettonians at Roehampton, the forwards struggle for the ball after it has gone loose from a scrum. Rosslyn Park narrowly retained their unbeaten record, defeating their opponents by 5 points to 3.

AN OUTSTANDING ALL BLACK: The New Zealand full back, D. B. Clarke, hurls himself across the line to score a try in one of the Test matches against the British Isles Touring team.

On left—
AN ESTABLISHED ENGLISH THREE-QUARTER: In the exciting game between Australia and England at Twickenham in 1958, M. S. Phillips scores the first try. He is one of the five members of the English XV which played against Scotland last March, picked to play in the match against Wales to-day.

Cambridge soon after the University match " hang-over." Elsewhere, Bristol, aided by G. Cripps's phenomenal goal-kicking, are still scoring more points than any other club in the land; Northampton, with the ageless D. F. White and Jeeps as their spearheads, still look capable of taking on all-comers, and Gloucester, with a record succession of wins, are gladdening the heart of that giant of yester-year, A. T. Voyce, whom one is delighted to see honoured at last with vice-presidency of the Rugby Union.

Among the counties the respective group-winners have been Warwickshire, Surrey, Cornwall and Hertfordshire, the last-named after no fewer than three attempts against Berkshire, and just before resort was about to be made to the toss of a coin. In the Northern Group, Northumberland and Durham are due to play-off at Gosport on January 23. Warwickshire, the title-holders, again look the likely winners. Their pack, with its nucleus of Coventry men and headed by P. G. D. Robbins, back to his best form, is again a key factor. The sight of it pushing Gloucestershire all over the field in last season's final at Bristol will not soon be forgotten.

In the international sphere France will no doubt be at pains to show that their winning of the title last season, for the first time, was no fluke; but four of their best men, Lacaze, Mantoulan, Quaglio and Barthe, have gone over to the Rugby League, and the best of all, Lucien Mias, their erstwhile captain, has retired. That still leaves them with plenty of good material, and they will not be easy to beat. Ireland, of the other four countries, should cause them most trouble. They have their usual supply of spirited forwards, and a collection of young backs—O'Reilly, Hewitt, Mulligan and the very promising Flynn among them—who have no equal as a potential attacking force.

England have had three most unrewarding trial matches, but with Risman and Jeeps at half-back, and a strong pack, could well consolidate as the season goes on. Wales have no fears forward, but a settled back division eludes them, and constant chopping and changing detracts from a side's team-spirit. As for Scotland, they are nothing if not optimists, and in spite of their varied fortunes since the war are always aware of the light ahead. With that magnificent wing three-quarter, A. R. Smith, to lead them, and the match-winning K. J. F. Scotland at full-back, plus a mobile pack, they will be underestimated only at peril. Among the schools, too, they have provided one of the outstanding teams of the year in Merchiston Castle, where Mr. Alan Bush, the Oxford Blue of 1934, is headmaster. Rugby, too, have staged a revival, which seems a most cheering, and appropriate, note on which to end.

A FIERCE STRUGGLE IN THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP: In the replay, after a draw, between Berkshire and Hertfordshire, at Sonning, J. A. S. Wackett scores by the corner-flag for Hertfordshire, despite the attentions of W. S. Pearman. The replay also ended in a draw, but the deadlock was broken at the third attempt when Hertfordshire won 5—3.

LONELY LIFE ON AN ATLANTIC ISLE

The Two-Family Community on Large Dimon, in the Faroes

THE community of seven persons on Large Dimon, in the Faroe Islands, must be one of the smallest in the Western world. Two men, two women and three children comprise the inhabitants. No one can be definite about the origin of the name of the island. It is not thought to be related to similar-sounding names in England. It may be derived from a Celtic word meaning Twin-mountain, as there is a Small Dimon, completely inaccessible and therefore uninhabited.

Visitors to Large Dimon must have strong nerves. One cannot walk down a gangway into a harbour with modern installations. The cliffs are so steep that the only means of approach is to be rowed ashore in a small boat and, weather permitting, jump off at a landing ground between two rocks. Above, tower precipices on the narrow ledges of which are colonies of sea birds. The visitor must be hauled up past hundreds of screaming and wheeling gulls until he reaches the final cliff wall and, then, his destination.

Many stories are told about the sheer drop which separates the plateau of Large Dimon and the sea. Viking sagas relate that one man was sufficient to stand guard on the top to repel any maurauders. In the seventeenth century, it is recorded, a Dimon woman who had killed her husband succeeded in keeping the representatives of the law sent to arrest her at bay for seven years! Within living memory it is recalled that a clergyman came to visit the island and during his ascent of the hoist made a false step and fell into the sea.

Once the hazards of the approach have been overcome, the visitor will probably be welcomed to the island by its chief citizen, Janus Jakupsen. This thirty-five-year-old farmer was born on Large Dimon and intends to spend all his life here. His father, grandfather and great-grandfather were also natives. All died as result of accidents at the hoist, and it is said that it is rare for a farmer on the island to die in his bed. This occupational risk in no way dismays the present Mr. Jakupsen.

He can remember the days when the community was more populous. There were, among others, farm-hands, paupers and prisoners. All had to work for their keep and many of the convicts, at the expiration of their sentences, chose to remain on their "gaol" rather than return to the "freedom" to which they were entitled.

Ten years ago Mr. Jakupsen married. His wife, who came from outside Dimon, is able to make a visit each year to her parents. The children are a girl of nine and a boy of seven. For them summer means long days of endless games and play. In the autumn a teacher arrives for a sojourn. During the winter the children leave to stay on a nearby island where there is a school.

Jon, the farm-hand to Mr. Jakupsen, has been there two years. He is married with a small daughter. Reportedly he is content to stay at least until his child reaches school age. In their happy relations with each other the members of the community of Large Dimon are a pattern to the rest of the world.

Living is hard but not harsh. The plateau lying above the cliffs is largely grassland. Some grows into hay for fodder. The rest provides pasture for a number of animals. Some 600 sheep, forty cows and half a dozen horses are thus able to maintain themselves. The soil is not productive for crops—chemical treatment might improve it—but it does yield a useful peat fuel. From the point of view of the Dimonians there seems little reason for engaging in agricultural improvements.

Food is not lacking. Dried and salt meat and fish is the basic diet. In the right seasons there are birds' eggs and bird flesh. Milk is always obtainable and cheese is made all the year round. Home-made bread is another staple. Additional supplies as required are brought from the neighbouring islands.

Once a month a mailboat arrives, except during times when the weather makes it impossible for anyone to land and make the ascent of the hoist. An important link with the outside world is radio contact. Receiving sets enable the inhabitants to enjoy sound programmes. Also they have their own short-wave transmitting system. Three times a day at prearranged times they are able to talk with the nearby islands. Information about the weather is exchanged and personal news. Undoubtedly the most valuable purpose of the link is to obtain medical advice when needed. Instruction over the air from a doctor has enabled the Dimon children to be cured of various ailments.

Winter is the loneliest of times on the island. The winds roar across the top of the plateau and the storms beat against the rocks and the cliffs, waves of 300 ft. in height sometimes battering the precipices. The inhabitants remain undisturbed. Sitting in the warmth of their homes the men make harnesses, rakes, knife-handles, nets for catching birds and various utensils. The women knit, spin and card wool so that warm clothes will be available for the next winter. "We have got so much to do to pass the time," says one of them.

On Sundays, as throughout the year, the community assembles in a room in Mr. Jakupsen's dwelling for a short religious service. The farmer plays a hymn on his harmonium in which everyone joins. This exemplifies the regular pace and routine of the island's life. No one is ever in a hurry or a rush. The rhythm is dictated by the elements in which they all live. Sometimes the skies may be clear and the sun shining. At other times there are fogs or storms of rain or snow. The meals are plentiful and everyone has his or her own independence.

Nor are the economic rewards negligible. Every year the farmer is reputed to deposit around 70,000 crowns (£5,000) in the bank in Thorshavn, the capital of the Faroes, on the island of Stromo. The material aspects are important. Yet the reason for choosing to live on Dimon must lie much deeper. For how many would it be an idyll or a penance? Seven at least seem to be sure of their answer.

THE DWELLINGS OF A TOTAL POPULATION OF SEVEN: In these cottages are the homes of the seven inhabitants of Large Dimon, one of the most remote of the Faroe Islands, in the North Atlantic. The only people living on the island are a farmer, his wife and two children; and the farm-hand, his wife and daughter. They form one of the world's smallest communities.

ISOLATED IN THE ATLANTIC: Large Dimon is actually a huge rock. There is also an islet of Small Dimon, which is uninhabited and inaccessible. The name Dimon is held by some authorities to be of Celtic origin and to mean Twin-mountain. Janus Jakupsen, the farmer and head of Large Dimon's community, was born on the island, as were many of his ancestors. Although geographically very isolated, the inhabitants make daily contact by radio with their neighbouring Faroe Islands.

On left—

NETTING A BIRD: This method is used to catch the birds which abound on the island. Long experience is needed to have the steady pose of the catcher on the precipitous cliff. The sale of the birds provides some of the income for the people of Large Dimon.

IN A WORLD OF THEIR OWN: Mr. Jakupsen and his family walk above the cliffs. Their homestead is in the distance behind them. For a certain period each year a teacher comes to Large Dimon to instruct the children. For another period the children go to stay on the nearest island which has a school. The tall grass through which the Jakupsens are walking will provide hay and over much of the top of the island there is good pasture for sheep, cows and horses. But the soil of the plateau is not productive of good crops.

PPROACH TO LARGE DIMON: This hoist is the only means by which anyone coming to the island can reach the top of the cliffs. There is no harbour. Visitors must wait for calm weather to row in a small boat to the landing-place situated between two large rocks at the base of the hoist.

A COLONY OF SEA BIRDS: They are perched on ledges on the cliff up which the hoist is worked. Below is a sheer drop of several hundred feet to the sea and breakers beating upon the sharp rocks which form the shore of the island.

FOX-HUNTING IN WEST NORFOLK

A Pony Club Meet

The Pony Club of the West Norfolk Hunt held a Meet on Monday of last week. Conditions were wintry with a thick mist over the country. However, the young riders, helped by senior members of the Hunt, were able to gain valuable experience in hunting and horsemanship. The country of the West Norfolk Hunt covers an area of some 35 miles by 25 miles. To the south the Suffolk border is 10 miles away. There are banks, ditches and flying fences, but no walls. For the most part it is arable land and the going is good. In the King's Lynn district, where the Pony Club met, there is some woodland and elsewhere there are tracts of heath. The best centres for the Hunt are East Dereham, Swaffham, Fakenham and King's Lynn. The country as now constituted has existed since 1892. The Hunt itself dates from 1534. There are thirty couples of hounds, which are the property of the country.

Throughout Great Britain there are more than 200 packs of foxhounds recognised by the Master of Foxhounds Association, the governing body laying down rules for the conduct of the chase and establishing hunt boundaries. Hound-breeding is almost an industry.

THE PONY CLUB MEET OF THE WEST NORFOLK HUNT: Before the Meet begins, the Master of the West Norfolk Hunt, Mr. Tim Barclay, on his distinctive skewbald mount, is with the huntsman, Mr. Alf Smith, outside Middleton Old Hall, near King's Lynn. The house is the home of Mr. Barclay.

BEFORE THE START OF THE MEET: In the foreground the pack sits patiently waiting for the Hunt to begin. Mrs. Barclay offers a drink to her husband. The Pony Club Meet of the West Norfolk Hunt took place on Monday of last week.

A DRINK FOR THE PONIES: Before setting off on the hunt, young riders at the Pony Club Meet allow their mounts to drink from the fishpond in the grounds of Middleton Old Hall. At a Pony Club Meet children are taught the rules and etiquette of hunting to hounds, and gain experience.

YOUTHFUL PARTICIPANTS IN THE HUNT: On grey ponies on each side of their father, Major F. Boone, are Elizabeth, who is four years old, and William, aged nine. The Pony Club Meet took place in misty, wintry conditions.

THE HUNT BEGINS: The huntsman, Mr. Alf Smith, is in the centre of the running pack of hounds. On the extreme left is the whipper-in, Mr. Ken Gwyn, and behind rides the Master, Mr. Tim Barclay. In the mist in the background the remainder of the Hunt is beginning to move off.

PRESSURE ON THE PHARMACEUTICAL INDUSTRY

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

DURING the Parliamentary question time of one week last month, the Minister of Health announced that he had been advised to rule that drugs affecting the central nervous system should be made available on prescription only; there was a reference to a British Medical Association criticism of claims made by a major pharmaceutical group in announcing a new strain of antibiotic; Lords and members discussed the potentialities of a Rumanian drug said to be efficacious against arthritis, and the possibility of danger to humans from foods that might, while being grown, have been treated with another pharmaceutical preparation. Outside Parliament, in that same week, a number of Edinburgh doctors went on record as criticising the manufacturers' growing habit of announcing new drugs at Press conferences; one Edinburgh professor had already been reported as advocating a new and more comprehensive control over the classification and sales of all kinds of medical preparations.

Discussion during that week, though it was chosen at random, may have been a little more intense than usual; but it gives an indication of the fairly steady pressure of criticism, informed and otherwise, under which one of Britain's more important "science-based" businesses, pharmaceutical manufacture and trading, has to operate. It was a week free from one of the more persistent lines of criticism: nobody was complaining publicly about the price of British drugs (it being, that week, the turn of the American industry, which was being harried by a Congressional committee on that vexed issue).

This exposed situation is unmatched in any other private industry, and comparable only to the glasshouse inside which Britain's nationalised industries have to conduct their business, and is probably inevitable for any industry so immediately concerned with people's health. The pharmaceutical industry is flanked on two sides by professions extremely jealous of their integrity, medicine and pharmacy; it deals face to face, in Britain, with a nationalised pattern of health treatment; it has to deal all the time with preparations that in certain circumstances can be poisonous or habit-forming. Constant public concern, and regulation by the Government, are perfectly reasonable; but they still constitute special circumstances in which to carry on any business. This industry, moreover, is often criticised for its advertising, both in tone and quantity. It may be, as these particular critics suggest, that no other industry buys more advertising space for its products; it is true that no other industry gets more adverse publicity free.

The pattern of its advertising, as it happens, offers one fairly clear set of divisions between the products of this industry, which are many and various. There are the standard drugs and preparations listed in the official formularies, without brand names and seldom directly advertised; the "ethical proprietaries" which are branded but are generally available only on prescription, and in any case are advertised only to doctors and in professional publications; and the household medicines sold and advertised direct to the public. These divisions of the industry are not watertight but quite real for all that. Out of about 250-300 firms in the industry, it has been estimated, some 160 produce only standard drugs or ethical preparations, about eighty specialise in household medicines, and only about twenty produce some of each kind of preparation.

Though Britain's ordinary self-medicating citizen may not realise it, there are about ten times as many pharmaceutical preparations available on prescription only as there are household medicines on the open market; these latter are numbered only in hundreds, while the "ethical proprietaries" run into several thousands. Out of a turnover exceeding £150,000,000 a year, home sales of household medicines account for perhaps £40,000,000; sales of the drugs available only on prescription, largely in the National Health Service, are worth some £50,000,000 a year; the industry has a substantial export market, mainly of basic drugs and ethical preparations; and very substantial quantities of drugs go into the animal medicine field.

Manufacture of pharmaceutical preparations has taken over in this country, mainly since the First World War, much of what used to be done in the dispensary at the back of a chemist's shop; it is no longer "one-off" preparation to order in tiny quantities, but much of it still involves preparation by the qualified hand in comparatively small quantities. One can look at the quantities involved from two ends of the telescope; it sounds a lot when one hears that British doctors prescribed about 40 tons of barbiturates in one recent year, but to produce less than 50 tons of any group of products in a year would be an odd little problem in most kinds of industry. That would be a medium scale for pharmaceuticals; output of some specialised vitamins, for example, may be less than half a ton a year, while at the other end of the scale aspirin and the antibiotics are produced in some thousands of tons.

Both in this scale of final output—which may, nevertheless, involve manufacture on quite a large scale because of successive stages of extraction and refining—and in its standards of purity and cleanliness, pharmaceutical manufacture differs from other kinds of industry. The actual production can often be highly mechanised; on the other hand a high proportion of staff has to be qualified, and a large amount of labour is required for packing, where the different kinds and sizes of container and pack run into thousands. The industry differs from most others in Britain, also, by reason of its relatively high expenditure on research.

On the average, firms in this industry spend 2-3 per cent. of their annual turnover on research and development, which is about twice the average of British industry in general; some of the bigger companies may spend as much as 6 per cent. of turnover. It has been reckoned that I.C.I.'s Pharmaceuticals Division, Glaxo Laboratories and Burroughs Wellcome are responsible for half the industry's research; but the many firms in the business with overseas parents, such as Parke Davis, Squibb, Pfizer, Merck-Sharpe and Dohme, and Bayer and Ciba, can draw upon a large amount of research done overseas. Subsidiaries of American companies alone are reckoned to produce 20-25 per cent. of British pharmaceutical output.

Research into the development of new drugs has to be very widely spread and involves an inevitably high proportion of failures, as the industry has often pointed out when critics have complained that its trading margins are generous. The effective selling life of a new preparation, again, may turn out to be very short; side-effects begin to mount up, strains of bacillæ may become resistant, or some equally assiduous competitor come up with a slightly more efficacious preparation. Trading margins have to leave room for a high level of otherwise irrecoverable expenditure on research.

The development of therapeutic preparations from a small range of mainly natural drugs to the impressive array of chemical products of to-day has occurred for the most part since the turn of the century. Several of the great British names in the field go back much longer than that; but the first real stimulus for the industry came when German supplies were cut off by the First World War. During and after the Second, there was an incentive to economise on American drugs as well, which has been partly responsible for the immigration of so many important companies.

This second kind of economy still nags at the Whitehall mind; when imports of American goods were liberalised last autumn, pharmaceutical preparations were among the few products of which imports remained restricted by quota. This was the result less of tenderness in protecting the British pharmaceutical industry than of the fear that British doctors might be tempted to prescribe huge quantities of American drugs, affecting National Health finances as well as the balance of payments. However, this *de facto* protection has given pharmaceuticals the chance to become, since the war, one of Britain's fastest-growing industries; at a conservative estimate, its volume of output to-day must be two-and-a-half to three times as large as in the late '30's.

MAKING POLIOMYELITIS VACCINE: At the Wellcome Research Laboratories, at Beckenham, in Kent, two technicians are engaged on part of the process of making the virus suspension for the production of the vaccine. In the machine, finely chopped monkey kidneys are treated with trypsin to break down the tissue into clumps of cells. These, after they have been placed in glass bottles in a nutrient medium, grow to form a sheath over the glass. They are inoculated with polio virus and thus become infected to form the virus suspension.

RESEARCH FACILITIES: At the research laboratories of the I.C.I. Pharmaceuticals Division, which were opened recently at Alderley Edge, in Cheshire, work on tropical diseases has involved the breeding of mosquitoes. On the left is a cage containing adult mosquitoes resting on gauze. The technician is plucking pupæ off trays in which larvæ are growing.

On left—

COMBATING DISEASE: Two technicians at the I.C.I. Cheshire laboratories are engaged in inoculating eggs with influenza virus.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

BUILDINGS FOR THE ROME OLYMPICS

Professor Pier Luigi Nervi is the third Italian recipient of the Royal Gold Medal for Architecture since it was instituted by Queen Victoria in 1848. Influencing architecture all over the world, Professor Nervi, who is sixty-eight years old, is a specialist in the design of reinforced concrete structures. He has designed many bridges, industrial buildings and exhibition halls, including the famous Turin exhibition hall. His most recent work is the design of buildings for the Rome Olympic Games this year. One of these is the vast Flaminio Stadium, with room for 50,000 people, about 20,000 of them seated. In the picture *above* is part of the exterior of the stadium, showing the natural board-marked *in situ* concrete supports for the canopy. Standing on the site of the old National Stadium built in 1911, the Flaminio Stadium was completed in eighteen months on December 31 last. This included the time to demolish the old stadium. Another of Professor Nervi's buildings is the large Palace of Sport nearby.

PROFESSOR P. L. NERVI: At the drawing-board is the Italian architect-engineer awarded the Royal Gold Medal for Architecture.

A gigantic horseshoe structure forms part of a snow-blast machine which is undergoing tests at the hands of the United States Army's Corps of Engineers in the Arctic. Mounted on caterpillar tracks, the equipment is used to smooth and compact the snow so that the surface becomes hard and level. The area in the picture could be used as an emergency aircraft runway.

MAKING AIRCRAFT RUNWAYS IN THE ARCTIC SNOW

A HALL FOR THE 1960 OLYMPIC GAMES: The Little Sports Palace in the outskirts of Rome is an example of Professor Nervi's work. The roof is formed of precast concrete corrugations, spreading from the central point of light. It can accommodate 5,000 spectators.

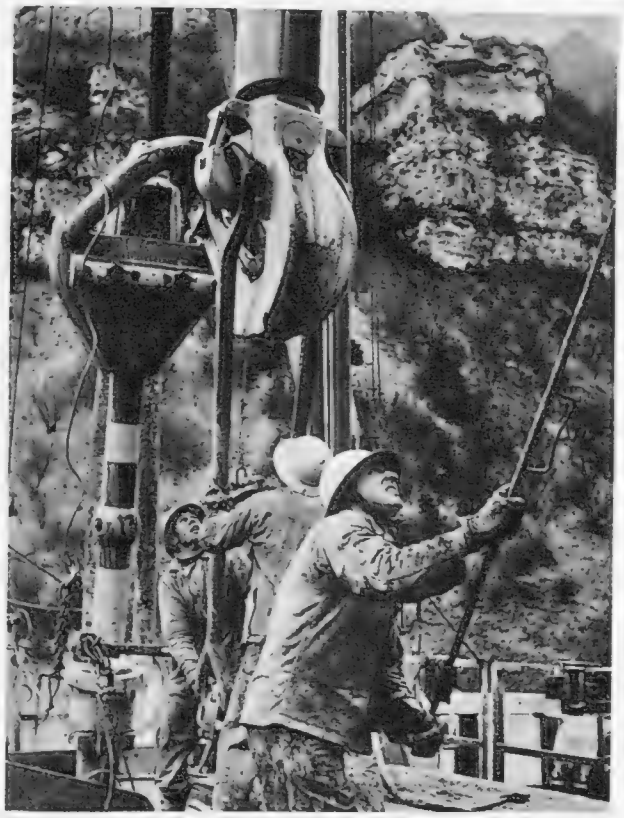
PROGRESS ON THE ASWAN HIGH DAM

In Moscow, a model of the Aswan High Dam, to be built on the Nile, has been constructed in the hydraulic laboratory of the Institute, which is doing design work for the project. According to Professor Ivan Komzin, the chief Soviet expert on the Aswan dam, the model is being used for studies to determine the exact size of various sections of the project. There were announcements from Moscow that research on the technical documentation for the project was nearing completion and last week-end President Nasser officiated at the ceremonial opening of work at Aswan. According to the Public Works Minister of the U.A.R., Mr. Arafa, the U.S.S.R. had not yet offered a line of credit for the second stage of the scheme. Work on this stage, comprising construction of the actual dam and hydro-electric installations, would last seven years and begin any time two years after work started on the first stage. Offers to participate in the second stage had come from various concerns in the U.K., West Germany, Italy, Japan and Austria. Sir Alexander Gibb and Partners, who, as consulting engineers, have been connected with work on the dam since the early stages, are still retained for the second stage of the project.

BP EXTENSION AT HOME: During 1959, work continued on the construction of the jetty for the new deep-water port being built by British Petroleum at Angle Bay, Milford Haven. From Angle Bay a pipeline runs to Llandarcy refinery.

On right—

IN LIBYA: Mine clearance in progress for BP Exploration Company (Libya) Ltd., who received more prospecting concessions.



OIL—A YEAR OF DEVELOPMENT

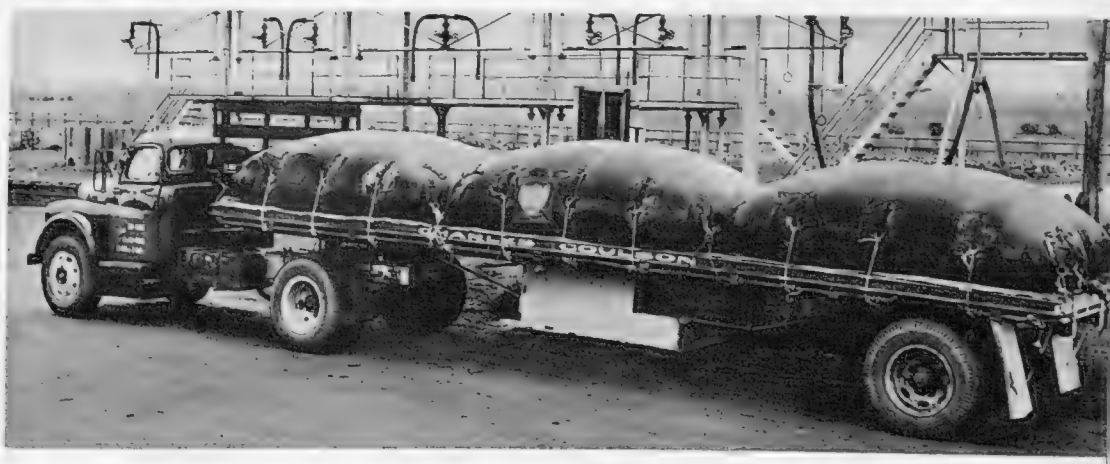
Throughout last year, when the British Petroleum Company Limited celebrated the completion of its first half-century, the emphasis of the Company's activities was on the continued extension of its interests and development of its assets in many parts of the world. Some of these developments during a memorable year are illustrated on this page. At home, much attention was focused on the construction of the new deep-water tanker terminals at Finnart, on Loch Long (opened in June), and at Angle Bay. The second terminal, which is expected to be completed this year, will have two berths, each capable of accommodating a tanker of the 100,000-d.w. tons class. As in other parts of the world, exploration and survey was continued, oil being discovered in Lincolnshire and Dorset. Several new tankers left the slipways to join the BP Tanker fleets, the largest being the 50,000-ton *British Queen*, which was launched by the Queen Mother in September. Progress was also made in research (see also page 116), and in the production of petroleum chemicals. In 1959 work continued on extensions to some refineries, particularly at Grangemouth, in Scotland, and Llandarcy, in Wales.

Overseas, apart from extensive work carried out by BP Exploration Company, several refineries have been extended. In Canada, work was well advanced on the Group's first refinery, which is situated near Montreal, and which will have an initial processing capacity of 1,000,000 tons a year. Further progress was also made in establishing oil production on a commercial basis in Nigeria, where, in 1960, it is expected to reach 1,250,000 tons annually. The drilling barge *Adma Enterprise* also went into action in the Persian Gulf. Throughout the year further extensions were made in marketing operations, particular advances having been made in both Canada and Italy; by December the BP International Bunkering Service was available to shipping at about 200 ports throughout the world. As in other recent years, BP drew most of its crude oil supplies in 1959 from the four Middle East countries of Persia, Iraq, Kuwait and Qatar.

On left—

ON A RIG IN FRANCE: Drilling operations were carried out in France and French North and West Africa, by companies in which BP is interested. In France a programme of four test wells was completed. Test wells were also drilled in the Algerian Sahara and in Senegal, French West Africa.

NEW LOADING FACILITIES IN THE MIDDLE EAST: The BP Tanker Company's 32,000-ton *British Justice* was the first oil tanker to load at the new North Pier at Mina-al-Ahmadi, in Kuwait. Extensions for exporting crude oil were also under construction in 1959 in Persia and Iraq.



TESTING INFLATABLE TANKS IN AUSTRALIA

Near Melbourne, a powerful lorry draws a trailer holding three rubber tanks containing petroleum. The lorry was taking part in tests, carried out by BP Australia Limited, on the suitability of collapsible rubber tanks for the carriage of motor spirit and other petroleum products. The tests proved successful. In their collapsed state the tanks are placed on the trailer and the liquid is pumped into them. The tanks are unbaffled, but drivers have reported that what little surging of liquid occurs is not dangerous. On the contrary, it is said that with the jolt of gear-changes when hill-climbing the lorries are helped by the surging. Each inflatable rubber tank holds up to 1,200 gallons of liquid.

FROM SAIL TO DIE

Two Sailing Ships; an Australian Ferry; a Coastal T
a New Liner; a North-Sea Cargo Ship; R.N. Ship in the

THE FOUR-MASTED BARQUE "PASSAT" LEAVES HAMBURG: In the dockyards of Blohm and Voss, where she was built forty-nine years ago, the sailing ship prepares to leave her berth for Travemünde, where she will serve as a merchant navy training school. The *Passat* is a sister-ship of the *Pamir*, which was sunk in the Atlantic during a hurricane in 1957. Both ships were built for the Flying "P" Line of the House of Laesiz. They were cargo-carriers, designed to be sailed outwards from northern Europe down through the trade winds and then round the Horn to Chile.

THE "PRINCESS OF TASMANIA" MAKES HER BOW: The 4,000-ton ferry calls at Sydney en route from Newcastle, N.S.W., to Melbourne, t a service between Melbourne and Tasmania. Built in the State Do castle, at a cost of £2,000,000, she has space for 180 vehicles and 324 pas fourteen-hour journey across the Bass Strait, *Princess of Tasmania* l length of 325 ft., a breadth of 58 ft. and a speed of just over 17 knots. based on the lines of recent new car ferries which have gone into s Britain and France. With the introduction of the new service across t it has been possible to reduce freight rates between Tasmania and

THE LARGEST SHIP BUILT IN BRISTOL: The 3,644-ton tanker *Anglo* lies at he while she is fitted-out. Built by Charles Hill and Sons Ltd., she was the Anglo-Ecuadorian Oil Fields Ltd. and should be completed by January. Due in service in the spring, *Anglo* will carry finished prod the coast from La Libertad to Guayaquil. She will join the compa vessels, the *Quito*, which was also built in Bristol, and the *Juanito*

AN OLD SHIP ROTTING IN ESSEX: The planking of the hull of the *Cap Pilar* is with peeling paintwork. Her deck-house was once trim and white. O it is lashed the jolly boat. In the right foreground her anchor is ta cable. *Left*—The *Cap Pilar* lies at her berth at Wivenhoe, in Essex. believed to be the last square-rigged ship to have sailed under the Red Some twenty-two years ago *Cap Pilar* was found by Mr. Adrian Seligman in port. She was in a derelict condition and barely recognisable for what she was ever, Mr. Seligman bought her and quickly assembled a crew. After a great work *Cap Pilar* was made seaworthy and, with his crew, Mr. Seligman, a keen set sail on a long voyage to the South Seas. The romantic story of the adventure ship and her crew are told in Adrian Seligman's book, *The Voyage of the Ca*

On left—
GETTING READY FOR HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: *Amazon* is coming alongside her berth in King George V Dock in London to prepare for her first voyage on January 22. She had just been handed over to her owners, Royal Mail Lines Limited, after the successful completion of her sea trials. A passenger and cargo liner, *Amazon* was built at Belfast by Harland and Wolff Limited. She was launched last July, the naming ceremony being performed by Princess Margaret. *Amazon* was specially designed for the South American service of Royal Mail Lines. Her normal itinerary will cover calls at a French port, Vigo, Lisbon, Las Palmas, Salvador, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires. The new liner, of 20,350 tons gross, is propelled by diesel engines, driving twin screws, to give a service speed of 17½ knots. Her engine-room is placed amidships. Her cargo space can take about 4,200 tons of chilled meat and a proportion of this space will be available for fruit and dairy produce as seasonal demand requires. Two chambers are refrigerated to maintain a temperature of minus 5 degs. Fah. *Amazon* has accommodation for 464 passengers, 107 in first class, 82 in cabin class and 275 in third class. All the accommodation, including the crew's quarters and the public rooms, is air-conditioned. For further comfort Denny Brown anti-roll stabilisers are fitted. Among the amenities are three permanent open-air swimming-pools. In addition to *Amazon*, Harland and Wolff are building two sister-ships at Belfast. The first of these, *Aragon*, is now fitting-out, and the second, *Arlanza*, is due to be launched in the near future.

N HER WAY TO ROTTERDAM: Watched by passers-by, the 400-ft.-long Dutch motorship *Koningin Wilhelmina* is towed through the Baanhoek Bridge near Alblassardam. The vessel was too large to pass under the bridge in the normal manner and one of the spans was removed to accommodate her. Owned by the Zeeland Steamship Company, and built at the "De Merwede" shipyard at Hardinxveld, in Holland, the ship was launched on May 30 last year. With a speed of 23½ knots, *Koningin Wilhelmina* is to enter the Hook of Holland to Harwich service.

A SLOOP OF THE GREAT WAR: H.M.S. *President*, the headquarters ship of the London Division of the Royal Naval Reserve, is towed up the Thames through the Pool of London. She was on her way to her berth by the Embankment after a refit in Chatham Naval Dockyard. The refit included the fitting of a recruiting centre. For her trip up-river she was stripped of her upper works to enable her to sail under bridges. The vessel has been berthed in the Thames since 1922.

A JET AIRLINER FOR B.E.A.: Flying above patches of cloud is the Continental Comet 4B. B.E.A. will begin to introduce their fleet of seven into regular service on routes to European and Middle-Eastern cities in April.

THE INTERIOR OF THE COMET 4B: In the foreground is part of the first-class accommodation which, in the B.E.A. version, holds a total of twenty-two passengers. Beyond is the economy class with room for sixty-four.

NEW CONTINENTAL COMET SERVICES

Last year British European Airways and Olympic Airways, the Greek national airline, concluded an agreement to operate all-jet services between London and Athens Using de Havilland Comet 4B aircraft, the service will begin in April. Before then, Comets will be slipped in from time to time on the regular Viscount services between the cities. When the jets take over fully, there will be seventeen services a week from London to Athens—eight by way of Rome, two through Munich, and seven through Paris and Rome. The journey between capitals will take 4 hours 40 mins., a saving of 2 hours 5 mins. on the present Viscount trip. Coinciding with the introduction of jets, B.E.A. and Olympic Airways will offer a new, low, night-tourist fare of £84 12s. return, £16 4s. less than the present tourist fare. Other places to which the B.E.A. Comet 4Bs will fly are Beirut, Cairo, Copenhagen, Düsseldorf, Frankfurt, Istanbul, Malta, Moscow, Munich, Nice, Nicosia, Rome, Stockholm, Tel Aviv, Warsaw and Zurich. Comet 4Bs, short- or medium-range airliners, have a range of 2,500 miles and a speed of 530 m.p h. at 25,000 ft. In the B.E.A. version there is room for eighty-six passengers.

The Sphere of Travel

HISTORIC LEBANON

Beirut, a Capital in a Fine Setting; the Ancient City of Baalbek; and the Oldest Inhabited Town in the World

By GORDON COOPER

LEBANON is hoping to attract more tourists; and there are many inducements to visit this Middle East country, not much more than 140 miles long and varying in width from 30 to 35 miles. Among the interests are fine beaches where you can bathe comfortably all year round, high mountains where in winter there are excellent ski-runs, ancient ruins and some of the oldest places in the world, first-class hotels, an exciting cosmopolitan atmosphere with a varied night life, and a distinctive cuisine.

When I flew out to Lebanon I hardly knew what to expect. I wanted predominantly to visit the great Roman ruins of Baalbek. Actually, I saw much more and my excursion turned out to be a delightful experience, something quite different from anything I had imagined. Just ten hours after leaving London by Middle East Airlines' Viscount I reached Beirut; there are brief halts at Geneva or Rome and Athens, and England's chill winter had changed to summer heat in the Lebanese capital. More than twenty airlines fly into Beirut, which has now largely replaced Cairo as the air crossroads of the Middle East.

Facing the sea and with mountains behind, Beirut has one of the most picturesque situations on the Mediterranean seaboard. The city itself is rather perplexing at first to the stranger: a maze of narrow streets, a fantastic growth of modern buildings including skyscrapers, the deafening noise of traffic (but the Government has, I read, now clamped down on the sounding of motor-horns), and a cosmopolitan mixture of peoples. But it does not take long to get orientated.

The fashionable hotels are centred around a quarter lying beside the seafront. Among them are some which are modern and up to the best European standards, including air-conditioned rooms. At one of these establishments (the de luxe Bristol), there is the finest skating-rink in the Middle East, where a spectacular ice cabaret is presented at night, while by day it provides skating sessions for tourists. Although room prices tend to be high, there is compensation in the fact that eating is cheap. For less than a pound you can enjoy a delectable dinner, and among the leading restaurants where you can sample the famous Lebanese cooking are Gardenia, Le Doyen Lucullus, Maxim's, Massoud and Swiss Châlet. Most of these, like the hotels, also serve French and International style meals.

One of the sights of night life is the new gambling casino at Maamaltein, 15 miles to the north of Beirut. In a breathtaking setting overlooking the bay of Jounieh, this casino was opened with a great deal of gusto last December and cost almost £1,500,000. It can provide anything that can be found in Monaco.

Should you wish to escape the often humid heat of Beirut, then inland some 10 miles is the pleasant mountain resort of Aley, with good hotels.

Baalbek, the " City of the Sun," lies about 60 miles east of Beirut, not far from the Syrian border. Although it is possible to go there by train, even the Lebanese say it is quicker to walk. But it is no extravagance to go by taxi, for in Beirut there are taxis organised like private buses, taking up to five people with fixed departure times from fixed points at fixed prices to all the places of interest. Thus from Beirut to Baalbek will cost about 70s. return, including lunch. The main road to Baalbek is excellent and it leads through typical biblical country: barren, rocky hills, with little cultivated terraces dotting their sides and often containing orchards of olive and apple. Yet these scorched grey and pink mountains were once clothed with the famous cedar forests of the Phoenicians when the wood was eagerly sought by Solomon and the First Dynasty Pharaohs. Now only an odd scattered cedar remains, except further north where about 400 of these famous trees—6,000-year-old giants and the oldest living things in the world—give their name to The Cedars, which in winter is a popular ski-ing resort. In the summer, this spot is a place of escape from the great heat of the c

On the road to Baalbek, there is an excellent spot stop for lunch at the Restaurant Akl in Chtaura, pleasa placed in a garden. Here they serve a wide variety Lebanese dishes, and I finished up my own banquet contentedly smoking an arkila (hubble-bubble). Then to Baalbek across the fertile Bekaa plain (once "T Granary of Rome "), the northernmost point of the gr Rift Valley which extends south into the heart of Afri

In Roman times Baalbek had a population of 250,00 but to-day it lies in ruins beside a small Lebanese to To this day it remains somewhat of a mystery. N recognisable reference to it is found in the Old Testame Greek and Latin writers of the period when it was a gre Roman colony are strangely silent about it. An ea Christian writer says that " Antoninus Pius built a gre temple at Heliopolis (its ancient name), near Libanus, Phoenicia, which was one of the wonders of the worl but he does not gratify our curiosity with details. This the more extraordinary when one considers that th temples at Baalbek were on a far greater and grander sc than anything in Rome itself. It may be said that there are no sure records about it except the stones of its ruins There is, however, little doubt that it was first built a an important pagan centre. The Phoenicians later buil in it a temple in honour of their god, Baal, and called th city Baal Bouqas (City of Baal). Later, the Roman called it Heliopolis; but the Phoenician name survive

The Romans built their own temples there on the si of older buildings. Their chief temple, mainly the work the Emperor Antoninus Pius in the second half of th second century A.D., must have been a stupendous concep

THE " CITY OF THE SUN ": The walls and pillars of the Roman Temple of Bacchus in Baalbek are the best preserved of the ruins in the ancient Lebanese city.

AIR, SEA AND RAIL TRAVEL NEXT SUMMER

Floriade 1960 is the name of the great floral and horticultural exhibition to be held in Rotterdam from March 25 to September 25. This is not just an indoor exhibition. The site extends to 100 acres. Special features will be Sir Winston Churchill's rose garden and reproductions of a number of Royal gardens. K.L.M. will operate three Viscount services on week-days from Rotterdam from April 1 to October 31, and two in each direction on Sundays. Morton Air Services have a service between London, Gatwick and Rotterdam which will run daily except Sundays, using Herons and Doves. A twenty-three-day return costs £13 5s. The K.L.M. fare is the same.

Some fascinating week-end excursions by rail and steamer to the Western Isles have been fixed up by the London Midland Region. For example, on May 27 you can travel from Euston to Oban for a tour of Staffa and Iona, while on September 2, St. Albans is the starting station for a week-end excursion to Fort William for a cruise to Tobermory. These 1,000-mile trips are very reasonably priced for as little as £5.

Next summer, you can be in Venice by five to nine in the morning if you leave London on the 10.30 a.m. the previous day. The time taken by the Simplon Orient Express will be cut by 3 hours 30 mins. on the outward journey from May 29.

A new car-sleeper and couchette train will run once a week between Zurich—Altstetten and Avignon from June 30 to September 2. The outward journey will be on Thursdays, the inward journey on Wednesdays. There is, from Paris to Avignon, a daily car-sleeper service from June 24 to September 24, with the exception of Thursdays, and back from Avignon, again daily, excepting Wednesdays. Both these services suggest useful variations to the motorist who is already contemplating using the car-sleeper service between Boulogne and Lyons.

From April 1 the car air-ferry terminal for the Ostend service will be at Manston, not Lydd. There will be a saving of 10 mins. off the air journey.

Now that it is possible to take two holidays a year without worrying too much about the currency allowance, more people will be interested in the Nice Carnival which takes place between February 18 and March 3. The first Battle of Flowers is on February 25 and the second Battle of Flowers on March 3. Perhaps this season will see more British people back on the Côte d'Azur.

One last note: the Golden Arrow service will leave Victoria at 11 a.m. on and after May 29 instead of at 2 p.m. Also, thanks to the electrification of the Amiens-Paris line, the train journey from Calais or Boulogne to the capital will be reduced by up to 33 mins.

W.D.C.C.

LOOKING DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN OF HARISSA: The Bay of Jounieh is about 30 minutes' drive by car to the north of Beirut. The calm waters of the Mediterranean offer good swimming. On the mountain of Harissa is a church and a statue of the Virgin Mary, reputed locally to have miraculous powers of healing. Not far away is the new gambling casino at Maamaltein.

although unhappily little now remains of it beyond six tall columns with cornices on top, and three enormous stones, all over 60 ft. long, 14 ft. high, and about 12 ft. thick. These three stones, known to archæologists as the Trilithon, formed part of a supporting wall at the western end of a huge artificial mound, roughly 850 ft. by 400 ft.

This building was apparently finished in the course of the third century, tens of thousands of workers having been employed. Then came the official adoption of Christianity in the Roman Empire. Theodosius closed this last of all the pagan temples, but did not go so far as to destroy it. He seems to have been content to erect a church upon its courtyard, probably utilising some of the temple material to do so. But, in due course, this was destroyed when Julian became emperor and the people of Baalbek returned to their own cults and beliefs. Next came the Muslims, who built a great mosque on the site.

What you see to-day is predominantly Roman, a monument to their power and prowess, overpowering you by sheer immensity, by the glow of its gigantic limestone pillars, deepening to gold in the evening. I know that it requires imagination to bring back pictures of the past, but I found it easier to do so at Baalbek than at any other classical site I have visited. Here is a simple plan: a great centre of religious worship. Clearly, too, its architectural magnificence made it the "St. Peter's" of the ancient world. Through the centuries pilgrims by the hundred thousand must have come to this lonely spot to worship, to pagan gods maybe, but faith, however misdirected, always imbues with sanctity the place where it is practised even long after the object of that faith may have perished in men's minds. To-day it has the added attraction of offering in the summer months a festival of classical plays and performances by world-famous orchestras in the open-air theatre, among the floodlit ruins.

Only a little remains of the chief temple—the Temple of Jupiter—yet its six remaining columns dominate the whole scene. Time and again, as I wandered around, I kept looking at their profile against the ever-changing sky. Nearby stands the Temple of Bacchus. Much of this structure is still standing, including some fine columns and a good deal of the main walls. There is also a tiny, but charming, Temple of Venus, the Propylæa (the portico), a Hexagonal Court, and the Great Court: a unique conglomeration of buildings. Excavations are being carried on to expose part of the Roman city.

Another essential excursion is to Byblos, 25 miles north of Beirut. On the road there you should stop at Dog River, a narrow passage between cliff and sea, and through which countless armies have passed. Here, inscribed on the rocks, are the records of nineteen conquering hosts, the oldest being that of Rameses II in the thirteenth century B.C.; the latest, an inscription in 1946, marking the end of conquest and the beginning of a new era of independence for Lebanon. Farther on is Nahr Ibrahim (Adonis River), so called after the beautiful youth beloved by Venus and, according to the myth, from whose blood, gored from him by a wild boar, sprang the scarlet anemones that cover the mountainside in spring.

Byblos is a living record in stone of the passage of some 6,000 years. It claims to be the oldest inhabited town in the world; from it, the word "Bible" is derived; and it was here that the alphabet is said to have been invented. The present town is only a couple of narrow streets, but beyond, towards the sea, is a Neolithic village (before 4,000 B.C.), with examples of their pottery, including big jars containing the skeletons of humans who were sacrificed. There, within a hundred acres, are monuments to the Neolithic, Amorite, Hyskos, Egyptian, Phoenician, Greek, Roman and medieval periods. Here is a visual encyclopædia of our Western civilisation from its very origin.

These ruins have a perfect setting, and backing on to the sea is a little Roman amphitheatre, moved from its original site a hundred yards away, stone by stone, because it was covering some older remains. Dominating this fascinating corner of Lebanon are the ruins of an imposing Crusader castle, a citadel dating from the twelfth century. (There are, by the way, other interesting Crusader castles in Lebanon, the most spectacular being Beaufort Castle, which stands at the top of a thousand-foot cliff.) In imagination, I pictured as I stood by the tiny, now sanded-up, harbour the excitement there must have been as the soldiers of the expeditions organised under the banner of the Cross landed on the soil of the Promised Land, a goal reached after months of great hardships.

Other sites of special interest in Lebanon include the early nineteenth-century palace in Beit-ed-Din, with its atmosphere of tranquillity and now used as a summer home for the President of the Lebanese Republic. South along the coast from Beirut, are Sidon, a most fascinating town, and Tyre, also of archæological appeal. To the north lies Tripoli, second largest city in the Republic, where one can visit the hilltop Crusader castle of Raymond de Toulouse, the mosques, and many old bazaars. In Beirut, too, do not fail to visit the interesting National Museum, which among its many items of archæological interest in early Lebanese history contains a remarkable display of tombs. My final thought about Lebanon is that it is really a place to which I wish to return, but not, perhaps, in the summer, when it is really too hot; at other seasons it is delightful. The Lebanese people are delightful at any time of the year.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

Middle East Airlines, 69, *Piccadilly*, *London*, *W.*1.
Department of Tourism, *Justinien Street*, *Beirut*, *Lebanon*.

SOME RECOMMENDED HOTELS

BEIRUT .. .. Saint-Georges, Commodore, Bristol, Excelsior, Riviera.
ALEY .. .. Grand Hotel d'Aley.
BAALBEK .. Palmyra.
LES CEDRES .. Grand Hotel les Cedres.

RECOMMENDED READING

From an Antique Land, by Julian Huxley (Max Parrish).

SCOTTISH NATIONAL TRUST CRUISES

Once again the National Trust for Scotland has arranged three cruises, using the Bergen Line's *Meteor*. Here are a few details:

CASTLES CRUISE—MONDAY, MAY 2, TO MONDAY, MAY 9: starting from Leith this cruise finishes at Ardrossan. It includes visits to Dunottar Castle, Notland Castle, in Orkney, Kisimul Castle, Dunvegan Castle, Duart Castle, Duntrune Castle, Iona and Brodrick Castle, as well as others Inclusive fares from £60 to £147.

GARDENS CRUISE—TUESDAY MAY 10, TO TUESDAY, MAY 17: starts and finishes at Ardrossan. Visits are made to gardens at Brodick Castle, Inverewe, Colonsay, Gigha, Arduaine, Crarae and Stonefield, in Scotland, Rowallane, in Northern Ireland, and Muncaster Castle, in Cumberland. Inclusive fares from £60 to £147.

ISLANDS CRUISE—TUESDAY, MAY 17, TO WEDNESDAY, MAY 25: starts at Ardrossan, and finishes at Leith. Visits are made to Fair Isle and St. Kilda as well as other islands off the coast of Scotland, and two days are to be spent in Norway. Inclusive fares from £66 to £153.

Brochures for the above cruises are available from the National Trust for Scotland, 5, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, 2, to whom applications for space should be made. The islands cruise is almost fully booked up, but cabins are still available on the Castles and Gardens Cruises.

The World of Books

CHANGING LONDON'S SHOPPING HABITS

The American Who Founded Selfridges; Class Behaviour in the U.S.; More Autobiography by Frank Norman; and a Cosmopolitan Collection of Novels

TO thousands, possibly millions, of Londoners the name of Selfridge is as familiar as the name of a street or a park, too much so for this to seem like an unsolicited testimonial. Now the biography of the man himself, SELFRIDGE (Heinemann. 25s.), has been written by Mr. Reginald Pound; the story of a silver-haired, blue-eyed American who came from twenty-five years in Chicago's most famous store to help to alter the face of London and many of its shopping habits. Gordon Selfridge was, first and last, a man of ideas. He could invent, he could borrow from existing schemes, he could improvise and he could inspire his colleagues and his friends with a good deal of his perennial enthusiasm.

The shop he built, expanded and rebuilt is so much a London landmark that it did not even bear a name. Gordon Selfridge had the nameplates removed not long after the shop was opened saying, reasonably enough, that every conductor on an Oxford Street bus was doing his advertising for him. Not that he relied on bus conductors alone. His advertisements were only a degree or two removed from the flamboyant, his sense of publicity was acute and he was both a showman and a stuntman. Mr. Pound has done nobly by his subject and has shown Selfridge as he was, in many more aspects than the man of business and the constant theatre first-nighter.

Mr. Vance Packard, the American writer whose last book was a lively and indeed startling analysis of American advertising methods and the " psychological approaches " made to customers, now weighs in with THE STATUS SEEKERS (Longmans. 21s.), an equally provocative study of class behaviour in America. For, as Mr. Packard sees it, mid-century America very definitely " does have a system of social stratification." So much so, indeed, that Mr. Packard has felt justified in prefacing his tome with a quotation from Carroll: " ' *You!*' said the Caterpillar contemptuously ' *Who are* you*?*' " The question of social and business standing appears to have more ramifications than one would have believed possible, as witness the chapter headed *Totem Poles of Job Prestige*, which refers to a poll taken by a kind of mass observation technique and which lists fifty occupations, half of which are marked in varying degrees as being above average (physician and professor at the top, newspaper columnist and electrician at the bottom), and half as below average (the small store manager rating as just below the average and the shiner of shoes lowest of all). Infinite variations on these may also be made and obviously are, if we are to believe the results of Mr. Packard's immense research. I found his book fascinating in rather a grim way and recommend it to you for nearly as much entertainment, and certainly as many chills, as you might get from the ordinary thriller. Authors, incidentally, are listed as above average in prestige, but not all *that* much.

STAND ON ME (Secker and Warburg. 16s.) is a further volume of autobiography by Mr. Frank Norman, who wrote *Bang to Rights*, about his prison experiences and managed to make the book, in many places, hilariously amusing. Now he takes the lid off Soho as he has known it in some of his free periods and the result, once more written and spelled with typical verve and originality, is from one point of view enough to make your hair stand up like quills upon the fretful porpentine and, from another, the funniest stuff you have read for ages. Mr. Norman, who has now definitely and successfully emerged from that kind of life, can still write about it like a born story-teller and can hold one's attention on every page. He is candid; he is, as I have said, very funny and his work fizzes with vitality.

This week's novels are as cosmopolitan a collection as the most surfeited reader could demand and the first of them is Mr. Peter de Polnay's THE SHRIEK OF THE GULL (W. H. Allen. 13s. 6d.). This is a story about a young man who inherits a huge and uncompromisingly ugly Victorian house in a rather sombre South Coast resort town. Because the legacy includes the sum of £2,000 he accepts it and because a provision of the will makes it impossible to sell the house for twenty years, he finds himself, rather weakly, accepting the situation, money, white elephant and all. Young Mr. Bell is something of a weak character but not a detestable one and Mr. de Polnay has a good deal of fun with him, his problems, which include a leechlike but loving lady, and with the odd mixture of friends, advisers, hangers-on and even babies the inadequate heir has to contend with. Light stuff but quite diverting and the author's touch has its customary, worldly ease.

With THE THIRTEENTH APOSTLE (Gollancz. 18s.) Mr. Eugene Vale has set himself an ambitious task and has come marvellously close to achieving it. Many great novelists have attempted to depict man's struggle towards an ultimate truth which will give his life a purpose and his end a realisation of peace. Mr. Vale has written of a man who sets out through the most difficult conditions of jungle and mountain to investigate the causes of a painter's death. " Was he your friend, was he a close relation? " questions the padre who accompanies him on mule or *burro* back.

DEBUT IN " LA TRAVIATA ": At the Royal Opera House, in London, Joan Sutherland, the Australian soprano, is this month singing Violetta in Verdi's opera for the first time in her career. It is also her first Covent Garden appearance this season.

" No . . . he was an American citizen. As his consul it 's my duty. . . ." But the duty of the consul carries him with almost fantastic and certainly dedicated courage on a journey of immense hazards and leads him in the end to a final, hard-won spiritual joy. On one level, this is a novel of adventure in which physical danger is constantly present and only partly overcome by man's ingenuity and braveness. On another, it is a tale of the imponderable urge which is a human being's search for something beyond materialism. By any reckoning, it is a major novel and a very moving one.

Anyone who is accustomed to thinking of the Basque country in terms of *pelota* may have to revise their ideas a little after reading THE SPANISH TULIP (Harvill. 13s. 6d.) since, although it is in the main a story about a G.I. and a reluctant bride in New York, it has nevertheless been written with great sensitivity by Yvonne Escoula, a product of Basque life. One or two of the ordinary rules of conduct, as applied to a man and a woman of marriageable age, apply to this spirited piece too, but, for the rest, it has great originality and exists in a climate where sentimentality, if not unknown, is still classed with the outlawed feelings. The translation has been done with her usual wit by Miss Virginia Graham.

Michel del Castillo was a little boy of three at the time of the Spanish Civil War, but his novel of that epoch, THE BILLSTICKER (Hart-Davis. 16s.), nevertheless has the immediacy and the drama of a man who might have lived through that fierce and bitter time as an adult, and a fighting one at that. One of the magical things about writers is that they don't always need to have lived a lifetime in a country or experienced every vicissitude to write evocatively and honestly about them. So it is with del Castillo, whose novel could scarcely have been more moving—and might certainly have been less impartial—if he had lived through the fighting in Madrid himself. Mr. Humphrey Hare has translated from the French and it would be hard to see how his rendering could have been bettered.

THE LONG NIGHT (Michael Joseph 13s. 6d.) is a short, dramatic and emotional novel about a ten-year-old boy in Harlem, a brave little creature who is capable of running the gauntlet of neighbouring gangs and of looking after his younger brother and baby sister when his mother is away from home. He also has the ability of running very fast and this, with his courage and his loyalty to his estranged parents, brings him through a very real nightmare. Mr. Julian Mayfield, who is also a playwright and an actor, uses his material economically and with great effect and his story is, briefly, an indictment of the harassed, unthinkingly cruel adult world.

The two volumes of short stories from the United States are not likely to cheer the winter-bound English reader unless by the reflection that each book is the product of a clever and unplatitudinous talent. NOBODY KNOWS WHAT THE STORK WILL BRING (Hutchinson. 13s. 6d.) is frankly proclaimed as " one of the most alarming collections of short stories ever published " and, while it is a little short of the Dracula class, there is something to be said for the description. Mr. Charles Criswell is a *petit maître* of the macabre and has obviously been intent on giving the reader a nasty turn with every last paragraph. BLACKBERRY WILDERNESS (Gollancz. 16s.), with its eleven tales of America, Paris, Rome and the transatlantic plane, has a more formal elegance in spite of the sketchiness of the construction in some cases. Miss Sylvia Berkman writes with perception, irony and a curiously youthful self-consciousness which is not unattractive. Some of her stories have a breath of poignancy, others are tough

TRAVEL AND THOUGHT

Journeys, Recreations and Reflections

The glut of travel books justifies reviewer and reader in approaching any addition to this type of writing with caution. Therefore, there is all the more pleasure in welcoming MAINLY IN WONDER (Hutchinson. 21s.), by Desmond Fennell. Between November 1956 and December 1957 the author made a lengthy journey through various parts of Europe and Asia, extending from Berlin to Tokyo. He, himself, would like the book to be regarded as a series of letters to friends. It is more than this, for it is a travel journal in the proper sense of the term, combining impressions of places visited and people met, with thoughts upon the fundamental issues of our times. Being an Irishman and a journalist the author is admirably equipped to talk, to listen and to observe, and although he is clearly a devout Christian he has a rare understanding of the faiths and creeds of non-Christians. His chapter on the need for properly appreciating the nature of Communism is one of the best. Written after a month in Yugoslavia, Mr. Fennell makes a most original comparison between Tito's country and Franco's Spain. Not everyone may agree with his conclusions, but none will deny that his ideas are stimulating to thought. Another of this traveller's virtues is that he avoids hashing-up guide-books and is never on the beaten-track. In Italy, for instance, he devotes most of his attention to the poverty-stricken South, which is hardly a tourist area. His pages on Rome are an essay on the meaning of Art. In Asia he finds much which will be new to those who claim to know that continent well. Above all, *Mainly in Wonder* is a book about human beings by a very human person.

While in Burma, Mr. Fennell put down some succinct thoughts about the meaning of Buddhism. Those seeking a deeper knowledge of this complicated and often esoteric religion will be helped by FOUNDATIONS OF TIBETAN MYSTICISM, by Lama Anagarika Govinda (Rider. 30s.). Whether this is the " most valuable book yet written on the subject," as the publishers claim, may be open to question. But the heavy going which is inevitable with the numerous fine distinctions in terms and meanings inherent in the philosophy of Gotama is made easier by many excellent photographs of eleventh-century statues in Western Tibet and by drawings and diagrams. The book is also of topical interest in that it provides an understanding of the basic beliefs of strife-torn Tibet. One cannot expect a vast public for this volume, but it should be on the shelves of all students of religions.

Angling is the reflective or contemplative recreation as Izaak Walton showed us. One can never imagine a fisherman in a hurry. In the tradition of *The Compleat Angler* comes FISHING AND THINKING (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.), by A. A. Luce. The author is Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and a philosopher of note, his special subject being Berkeley. He is also a man of highly courageous action, having won the M.C. in the First World War. With Dr. Luce we sit on the river bank and share his discursive contemplations. We may begin by thinking about the habits of trout or the right weather for angling, but soon we are reflecting upon the Greek principle of psychological sympathy or the poems of W. B. Yeats. Here is welcome tranquillity in a noisy world.

Another book of quiet charm is WANDERERS OF THE FIELD, by Eileen A. Soper (Routledge an

AN EVENING PARTY IN PARIS 120 YEARS AGO: In this scene from *La Traviata* Alfredo Germont, sung by William McAlpine (holding paper on left), is turned towards Flora (Marie Collier) in the centre of the stage. In front, on extreme right, is Violetta (Joan Sutherland). The opera, which is being given in Italian, came into the current programme at Covent Garden on Friday of last week, January 8, for six performances, the last three being on the 22nd, 27th and 30th of this month. In the final performance Alfredo will be sung by John Lanigan. *La Traviata* (" The Fallen Woman ") is based upon *La Dame aux Comélias*, the play by Alexandre Dumas, the younger. It is probably one of the most popular operas. However, it was not acclaimed when first produced in 1853. Possibly it took the public some little time to accept the theme of the work, which has been described as " love and disease." Set in the period of about 1840, the story unfolded to Verdi's music tells of the love of the courtesan Violetta Valery and the young Alfredo Germont, of Violetta's eventual renunciation of her lover and of her death from tuberculosis. The poignant death-bed scene in which Alfredo returns for Violetta to expire in his arms is the climax of the opera

(*Continued from previous page*)

and the effect is of a writer making several brief, trial runs before undertaking a full-length novel.

SHADOWS AND IMAGES (Macmillan. 15s.), by Miss Meriol Trevor, treats of the passionate theological controversies which were pursued throughout that apparently most placid of ages, the reign of Victoria. For her heroine Miss Trevor has chosen the affectionate, independent daughter of the manse who, visiting Oxford in the 1830's, takes a friend of the young man who is to become Cardinal Newman, accepts the Catholic faith at about the same time as Newman and retains his lifelong friendship. Thoughtful, warm-hearted and, in a sense, dedicated, this novel owes something to the Victorian age.

Will Somers was a true Shropshire lad when he first came to the court of Henry VIII in the service of his own master, the great merchant, Richard Fermor. Will remained at court to the delight of Henry. KING'S FOOL (Macdonald. 15s.) is Mrs. Margaret Campbell Barnes' vivid portrayal of Tudor life seen through the kindly eyes of this most remarkable of courtiers.

Vernon Fane

Kegan Paul. 15s.). Her subject is the wild life of the English countryside and the habits of a variety of animals and birds, such as badgers, voles and squirrels, nuthatches and crossbills, are recorded. The author's own sketches enhance the book, which can be recommended as ideal reading after a day in the din and stridency of London or any other large city.

This is the time of year for new editions of reference-books. All interested in equestrian affairs will be obtaining their copy of HORSE AND HOUND YEAR BOOK, 1959-1960 (Odhams Press. 17s. 6d.). It seems to be more comprehensive and precise than ever with its various sections on point-to-point racing, hunting, polo, shows and competitions and flat racing and over-the-sticks. This is a model of what a reference-book on any subject should be.

GASTRONOMIC TOUR DE FRANCE (Allen and Unwin. 30s. boards, 35s. cloth), by Jean Conil, is a reference-and-travel book. In spite of the phrasing of the title it is in English. The reader is taken on an eating and drinking tour of each Department of France. In each, restaurants, liquors and specialities and their recipes are listed. The book will undoubtedly appeal to those who imagine there is something superior in Continental cooking and do not share this reviewer's opinion that the best of all meals consists of roast beef and two veg. or steak and kidney pudding, washed down by draught beer.

Finally, one more travel-book. SOUTH AMERICAN CRUISE HOLIDAY (Alvin Redman. 21s.) is the account by S. P. B. Mais and Gillian Mais of their voyage in a luxury liner across the Atlantic and along the East Coast of South America. Much of their day-to-day experience is trivial, but in some of the ports of call Mr. and Mrs. Mais remind us what experienced and perceptive travellers they are.

C. D.

OPERA IN LONDON

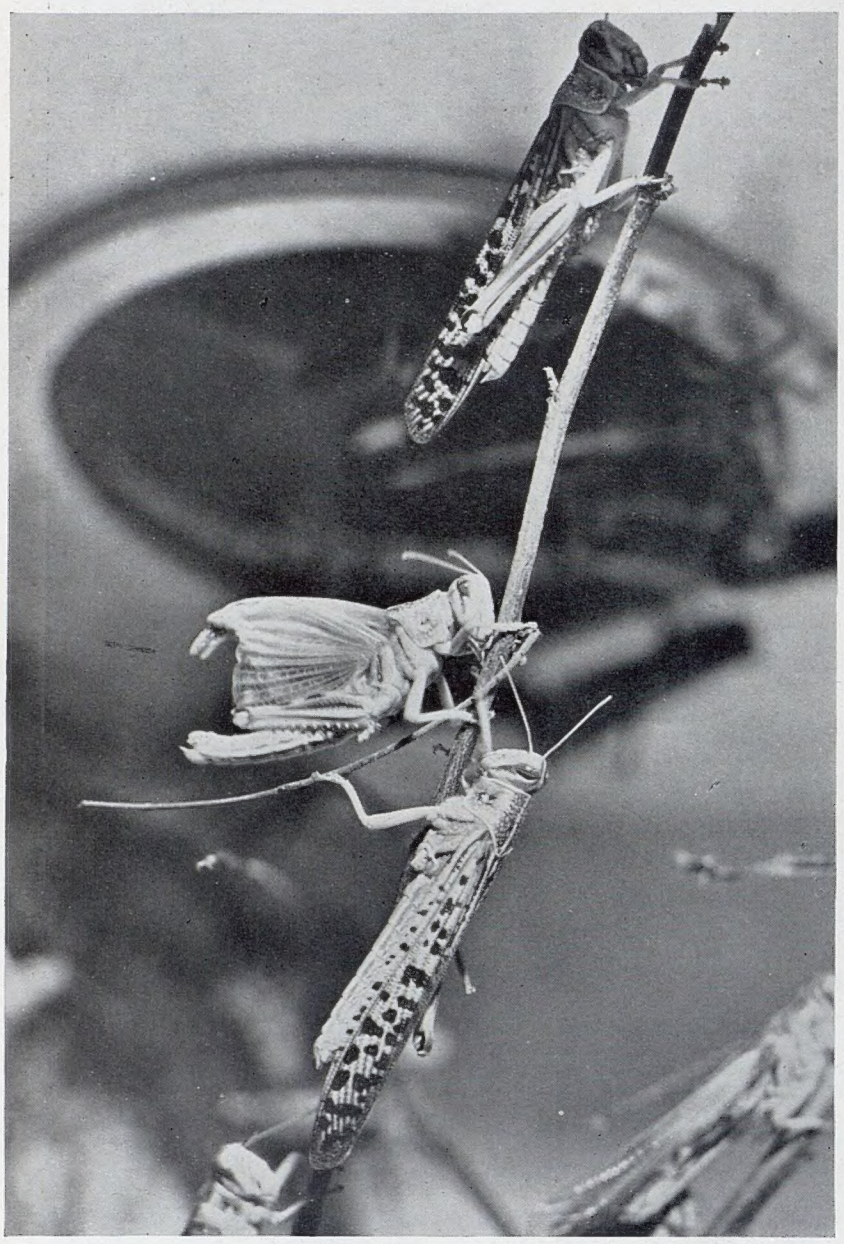
On left—

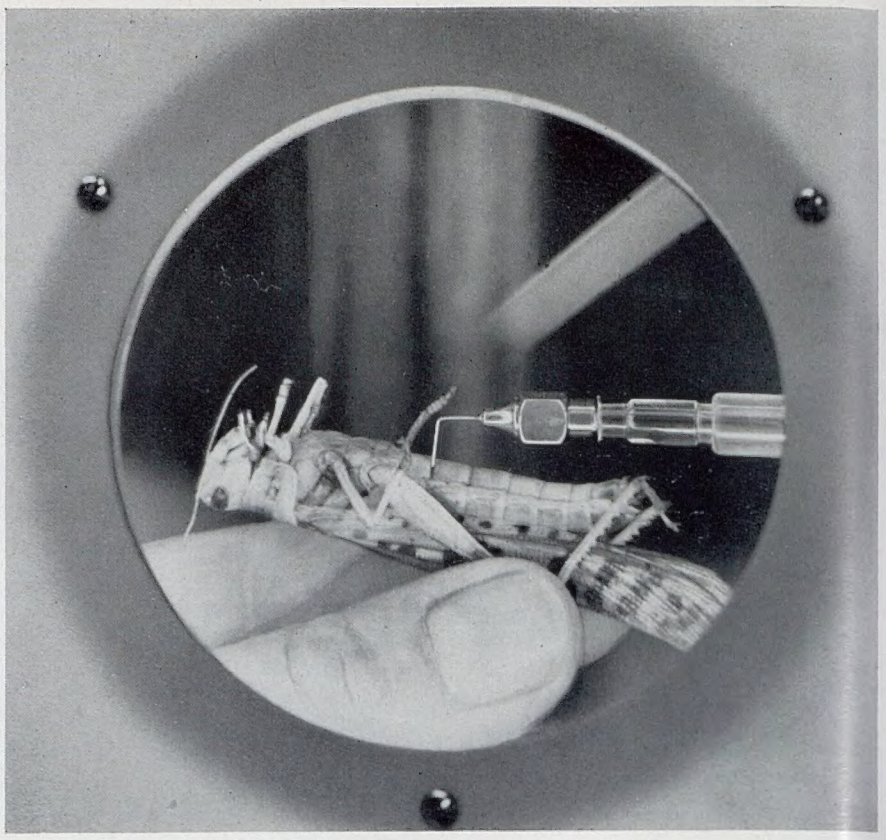
RENUNCIATION: Violetta and Alfredo prepare to part. She deliberately lies to him that she loves another man because she has promised Alfredo's father, Giorgio Germont, that she will give up being the mistress of his son.

COURTESANS IN A SENTIMENTAL MOMENT: Violetta and Flora, who is also a Fallen Woman, sing together. In the production at the Royal Opera House, in London, Joan Sutherland has a number of sumptuous dresses designed by Franco Zeffirelli. The Conductor is Nello Santi, the Principal Conductor of the Zurich Opera. He is making his first apearance in England.

CONTROLLING LOCUST SWARMS

Experiments in Britain With Various Types of Solvents and Insecticides





APPLYING THE INSECTICIDE: The oil solution is placed on the locust's stomach in the form of a tiny drop from a micro-syringe. A powerful magnifying glass is used during the task. Each locust is weighed before being dosed so that all in a batch of fifty receive the same amount of insecticide per unit of body weight. That is to say, a fat locust gets more than a thin one. All the insects treated with the same amount of the solution are placed together in one cage, so that accurate comparison of results is made.

On left—
BREEDING THE INSECTS: At the research centre in Middlesex, one of the locusts is removed from the cage to be dosed with insecticide. *Below*—The locusts cling to the sides of the breeding cage.

EXPERIMENTS WITH LOCUSTS: At The British Petroleum Company's research centre at Sunbury-on-Thames, the insects are bred in captivity for experiments with various anti-locust insecticides. In the centre between two adult locusts is a fledgling, seen just after the fifth and final skin-shedding. The wings are beginning to expand.

The devastation, caused by swarming locusts, is still a threat to many countries in the Middle and Near East. After such a swarm has passed, the ground is stripped bare of all living vegetation. In order to combat the danger, various types of insecticide have been developed. In Middlesex some 3,000 locusts are kept for experiments at The British Petroleum Company's Research Centre at Sunbury-on-Thames. They have been bred from an original batch of twenty-five males and twenty-five females provided by the Anti-Locust Research Centre in London. In about a fortnight, these produced over 300 offspring. The present series of experiments is concerned with the application of new solvent oils, produced as the result of new refinery processes. Under consideration are the related problems of how much of the insecticide can be dissolved and the power of the combined solvent and insecticide to penetrate the skin of the locust.

Experiments are made on adult locusts three to four weeks old in batches of fifty. Equal numbers of males and females are used, so that the different reactions of the sexes may be estimated. But so far little difference has been observed. (Similar experiments carried out on houseflies showed that the female has more resistance than the male.) The oil solution of the insecticide is applied to the insect's stomach as a tiny drop from a micro-syringe. The batches are placed together in cages which are well stocked with food.

During the late summer of last year, the locusts at Sunbury were fed upon grass, but during the drought this was of poor quality and so privet hedge clippings and sycamore twigs have been used. The locusts thrive on this diet, which is supplemented at week-ends by dishes of bran. After they have been dosed with insecticide, the insects are watched and timed to see how long it is before they lose their ability to move about and feed. The number of deaths in a cage are recorded each day until all are dead or the number is static.

Other aspects of the work at the research centre include the supply of kerosene extracts and other solvents to the Anti-Locust Research Centre at Porton, on Salisbury Plain, for use in aircraft spray experiments. Work is also being done on the preparation and testing of insecticides to attack the locust in the hopper stage. Resin-forming hydrocarbons are used to produce sticky substances which have the consistency of linseed oil. These are applied to greenery eaten by the hoppers, which are thus killed by feeding instead of by skin penetration.

A vast amount of research has been done since the war. Locusts occur in two different phases; a highly destructive, gregarious phase and a more or less innocuous solitary phase. The locusts become gregarious and swarm where the climate and vegetation favours mass increase. These localities are known as outbreak areas. They are mostly the vast reed beds of European and African river deltas. When the locusts swarm, the greatest damage is caused by the young offspring (the hoppers). Control of locusts is divided into altering the cultivation of outbreak areas, spraying from the air to destroy the swarms before they embark on migratory flights, or attacking the hoppers with various ground poisons.

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